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## CURRENT COMMENT.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE is presenting a striking figure at Genoa. He knows that as the representative of British interests, he has to fish, cut bait or go overboard; he is aware that the day of buncombe is over. Hence we find him taking precisely the course at Genoa that this paper predicted for him, and taking it with the desperate energy of a drowning man. He is telling everybody that the old game is played out, and that no time can be lost in drawing cards in the new. That is the reason why he is displaying such conciliatory patience and resourcefulness with the Russians. England needs a stable Europe, and is now down to the point where she simply has to have it, and there is only one way to get it, and Mr. Lloyd George has no choice but to take that way. There is no doubt that he is moving at Genoa for the saving of England; but at the same time it must not be forgotten that in so doing he is moving to save his own political life as well, which is probably a matter of considerable interest to him.

To save England at Genoa and to save himself at home—that, we think, is Mr. George's purpose at present. This paper charted his course at Genoa pretty accurately, and there is a sporting chance for him, but we still doubt his success. As for his position at home, we believe—we can not prove it—that he has said to the conservative interests of England substantially this: "Are you properly aware that I am the only thing that stands between you and confiscation? An election can not be held off much longer, and you see what the indications are for a Labour majority in the next House! If, now, you have a Labour Government set up, and I am not its Prime Minister, you can look out for a capital levy and for various forms of nationalization which mean confiscation." After hearing such words as these, and anxiously scanning the list of eligibles for Mr. George's place, the conservative interests, we imagine, came to the conclusion that it was even so, and are backing Mr. George accordingly. In other words, Mr. George has frightened them out of a year's growth. We are, as we said, stating only our belief. If it turns out to be correct, Mr. George will present a curious parallel to the late Mr. Roosevelt when he came forward in the guise of a "practical man" to carry on some extremely practical dealings with those whom, earlier in his career, he had vociferously stigmatized as "certain malefactors of great wealth."

WHEN we wrote an editorial for our issue of 5 April, on the cancerous growth of a bureaucracy, we now confess, we really did not know what we were talking about. The annual report of the New York State Civil Service Commission contains a general estimate of the number of persons in public employment—persons kept by the taxpayers—throughout the United States. The Commissioners' calculations indicate that "if all Federal, State, county, city and village employees in the United States were marshalled in one great body, it would in numbers considerably more than equal the entire military force of the United States, serving abroad during the great war." Such a thing seems incredible, but the figures presented are apparently accurate and the method of calculation is conservative and scrupulous. Whew! men and brethren, there is a vested interest in officeholding, big enough to take one's breath away! We said what we thought were some sharp things in our editorial of 5 April, but in the light of fact they now seem too tame to print, and we hereby apologize to our readers for their inadequacy and dullness.

At the Jefferson Day dinner of the National Democratic Club, the faithful were regaled with what purported to be a message from Mr. Woodrow Wilson, reading as follows: "Say to the Democrats of New York that I am ready to support any man who stands for the salvation of America, and the salvation of America is justice to all classes." The broadcasting of such a statement upon a Jeffersonian anniversary invites damaging comparisons, for as most of us know, Mr. Jefferson himself was not in the habit of issuing *communiqués* which had no meaning, and were not intended to have any. In the present instance, the origin and authenticity of the message is a matter of no moment whatever. Still, Mr. Wilson has taken the trouble to declare that the fatuous pronouncement was unauthorized, and the papers have printed statements from the ex-President himself, who, on the day of the dinner, was supposed to have spoken once more from Sinai; from Mr. Tumulty, who was cast for the rôle of Moses on this occasion; and from the politicians who know well enough how to bow down before the Lord, and still keep one eye on the golden calf. The whole affair would be unworthy of notice, if it were not for the fact that it is typical of the operations of politics, which, as the dictionary says of the cyclone, are "characterized by high winds rotating about a calm centre of low atmospheric pressure."

WITH the congressional campaign only half a year away, the issues of this periodical affliction are beginning to squeak and gibber behind the comic mask of American politics. Judging by the activities of Mr. Bryan, the Democrats may go before the country on a comprehensive programme for the abolition by constitutional amendment of the atomic theory and the law of gravitation. Mr. Wilson's spirit-message to the Jefferson Day dinner may also figure in the campaign; especially since Mr. Wilson has repudiated it, in spite of the fact that it seemed sufficiently unintelligible to be authentic. As for the Republicans, in addition to their notable achievement of avoiding foreign entanglements by breaking into alliances, they have three great domestic principles to present. These are: (1) the necessity for a large increase in our naval personnel because of the great paper decrease in our navy under the three-Power agreement; (2) free junkets around the world for colonial governors at the expense of the

native population; (3) fifty-million-dollar bonuses for patriotic shipowners who fought (the Government) and bled (the public) in the great war. Of course there is also the great silent issue of both sides, "Up with the officeholder; down with the taxpayer," but this will scarcely be emphasized on the hustings.

THE Payne-Aldrich tariff-law was considered a stiff one in its day; but the present Congress promises to make the protectionists who drafted it look like a group of amateurs. After Mr. Fordney and his associates had passed a bill calculated to protect American trade right out of existence, the Senate Finance Committee took hold of it and jacked most of the schedules up a few notches. It is pointed out in justification of this general raising of specific rates, that the *ad valorem* rates are lower because the Senate has rejected Mr. Fordney's American valuation-plan. The rejection, however, seems to have been mainly in principle; for the Finance Committee proposes to allow the President a large measure of discretionary power in the matter of raising or lowering rates, and determining the basis for *ad valorem* duties.

THE New York Times did its readers a considerable service when, on 12 April, it produced in a formidable double-page spread a comparative showing of the tariffs laid down in the bill now under consideration in the Senate, in the Fordney bill passed last July by the House, and in the Underwood law of 1913. We did not have either the courage or the patience to examine the schedules carefully, but here are some of the items that caught our eye:

	Senate bill	House bill	Underwood law
Fresh beef and veal (lb.)	3½c	2c	Free
Poultry-eggs in shell (doz.)	8c	6c	Free
Wheat (bu.)	30c	25c	Free
Wheat flour (cwt.)	78c	50c	Free
Cotton cloth, printed (%)	15 to 40	13 to 33	12½ to 30
Woven wool fabrics (lb.)	26c+40% to 49c+55%	20c+18% to 36c+27½%	25-35%
House or cabinet furniture (%)	60	50	15
Books (%)	15 to 25	20	15

When we had speculated for a while upon the rise in prices to which this criminal legislation will condemn the country; and when we had considered also the fact that the building up of the tariff-wall will compel foreign debtors to attempt to pay off their obligations to this country with gold and securities instead of commodities, and will thus make our money still cheaper, and our prices still higher, than they would otherwise be; when we had considered all this, we were tempted to gather our savings together and spend them immediately in riotous living, before they are quite shrivelled to nothing, in the sun of protectionist prosperity.

UNDER this bill, the President is also empowered to impose additional duties on imports from any country which discriminates against our overseas commerce. Considering the other provisions of the bill, this one seems a bit superfluous, since there promises to be very little American commerce for any country to discriminate against. If foreign nations can not sell to us they can not buy from us; and sell to us they certainly can not, with prohibitive import-duties shutting out their products. The chairman of the Finance Committee, Senator McCumber, is inclined to discount the importance of foreign trade. America, he says, is the one important market for American goods; "we can not import prosperity." Perhaps not; but we should like to ask those farmers in the Senator's State, who can not make expenses by selling their products in the all-important domestic market, whether they would have patriotic scruples about exchanging them, at a profit, for English or German manufactured articles or for Russian furs or platinum.

If the Congress, instead of putting further restrictions on trade, should remove existing restrictions and declare for free trade with all the world, the American farmer would soon be finding it hard to get enough ships to carry his products; and the same thing would be true of the manu-

facturer. Industry might shift somewhat, as foreign goods flowed into our markets, but it would revive. We fancy that under such conditions American shippers would need little financial assistance from the taxpayers; they could do pretty well for themselves in an honest way of business. But free trade and legitimate prosperity have no part in the plans of our law-makers. They prefer the method of protection on one hand, with the inevitable compensatory subsidies on the other; by which token we think the soup-kitchens will be coming in for a good big share of subvention before long.

ONE of our friends who dropped in at the office last week to talk about imperialism, remarked that this country is trying to run a mighty Roman empire with a Chautauqua mind. We find very good evidence of this in the experience of an English visitor with the income-tax. This guileless brother, it seems, ran over here for a fortnight's visit, bought machinery to the amount of about a quarter of a million dollars, and when he applied for a sailing-permit, he found that this transaction made him liable for American taxation on his personal income. To his everlasting honour, he refused to pay this blackmail, and the matter is coming up for adjudication in the courts. The United States Congress is about as fit to be entrusted with the construction of a fiscal measure as with the construction of a grammar of comparative philology. Between the tariff and the income-tax, American industry and commerce will shortly find itself sent to Coventry for good and all; and while we are far from wishing the country any such bad luck, we sometimes think that nothing else will prevail against the unconscionable stupidity that now maintains unquestioned control of our commercial destiny.

ONE never quite realizes the possibilities of imperialism and the spoils-system, until the one is bred to the other for the production of a political job. The American Government has no business messing around in Porto Rico, because, as nearly as we can make out, the islanders want nothing so much as to be let alone. Again, the Honourable E. Mont Reily has no business in any public office, because he is labouring under charges of corruption which would have been disproved some time ago, if there were any possibility of disproving them. The novel feature in the case of Porto Rico *v.* Reily is that hardly a single vote-casting citizen of the United States believes that the outcome of the squabble will affect him in purse or person, whichever way the decision falls. Politically speaking, the Porto Ricans do not count, and the Americans do not care; the more the place-men operate abroad, instead of at home, the better will be the results for the political party most intimately concerned. Hence, the combination of imperialism and spoilsmanship is ideal; in the present instance, it maintains in office, at the expense of a subject people, a ward-heeler and ballyhoo-man who would probably have been fired long ago, for the good of the Republican party, if there had been no choice but to fire him or fatten him within the limits of the continental United States.

As the hart panteth for the water brooks, so do we long for such news as has recently come out of India. Conditions there have conspired to promote a narrow and fanatical nationalism which will repudiate all the good that has come out of the West, along with all the evil. During the great war, most of us here in America turned our backs upon the finest offerings of the German genius; and yet, in spite of immeasurably greater provocation, some of the wise men of India have still preserved their sanity. Thus a dispatch from Calcutta informs the world that Rabindranath Tagore has established at Shantiniketan, in the Province of Bengal, a university which will have for one of its objects the bringing together of the scattered cultures of the East and "the exchange of knowledge between the East and the West." Nationalism has arisen to divide the world of thought, but something of the spirit of the great humanists lives on in these words

of Tagore: "All the elements of our own culture have to be strengthened, not to resist Western culture, but truly to accept and assimilate it and use it for our food and not as our burden; to get mastery over this culture, and not to live at its outskirts as hewers of texts and drawers of book-learning."

THERE is nothing very surprising in the discovery reported in *Germania* of Berlin, that the French and Belgian General Staffs have entered into a convention which provides for a joint invasion of Germany, in the event of disorders which endanger the security of the troops now in occupation, or interfere with the execution of the treaty of Versailles. As a matter of course, disorders of the latter variety occur every week, and thus constitute an always-available pretext for an invasion of Germany in support of an insupportable treaty. It is no news that the plans for such an invasion have been got ready; the only question is when, if ever, will the French Government consider itself ready to translate the project into action.

IN this connexion, considerable interest attaches to certain remarks made by M. Fabry when he initiated the proposal, since accepted by the French Chamber of Deputies, for eighteen months compulsory service. Upon this occasion, M. Fabry said that France had need of a permanent force sufficiently strong to cover the mobilization of the armed nation. This force, he said, should properly consist of blacks from the colonies, of Frenchmen who had re-enlisted voluntarily after the expiration of their term of compulsory training, and of recruits regularly conscripted for a year and a half of service with the colours. These arrangements would provide for the routine requirements of the French Government, with a surplus of 420,000 men for duty on the Rhine. Against this force, Germany could oppose no more than 250,000 men, and with such a numerical superiority assured, the French army could crush the Germans by sheer weight. "Moreover," added M. Fabry, "it is understood that in effecting this destruction, we shall not remain passive." Yes, indeed; it is very well understood; it is as plain as the nose on an elephant's face that if there is a war with Germany any time soon, von Kluck will be a Frenchman, and the first battle of the Marne will be fought somewhere along the Weser or the Elbe.

OUR old friend General Semenov is at present hived up in Ludlow Street jail, in durance vile. A movement to deport him is on foot, and Senator Borah is suggesting that he be indicted for the murder of certain American soldiers in Siberia. Others are instituting inquiries which seem bound to be a little difficult for the State Department, concerning the circumstances of his admission to the country. All in all, this enthusiastic and superserviceable anti-Bolshevik seems to be in the proverbial run of luck that attends those who rely on the gratitude of a republic. Like the late Admiral George Dewey, this poor man has probably discovered that a hero who has achieved distinction beyond the Pacific had better remain upon the scene of his triumphs until he is safely garnered by the grim reaper.

SEME NOV was a great man in his day, and a much-belauded patriot. Our readers will get a huge deal of entertainment and also some food for reflection if they will look up the files of the New York newspapers and read what was said of him two or three years ago, when he was ace-high with the Allied Powers and diligently doing their unclean work. He was a sterling patriot, a noble character, deserving of all the support he could get. We would hunt up a few of those references ourselves—probably we ought to do it—but really we haven't the heart. Now, however, it appears that Semenov was no patriot at all. He was a go-getter, bent on cabbaging everything he could pick up within his sphere of influence—a good imperialist, in other words, like those who employed him. We will wager handsomely that he is the most puzzled man on the whole Atlantic seaboard at this moment. All we can say is that if he had known the New York papers

as well as we do, he would never have made any such break as to venture hither on the strength of the praise they gave him two years ago.

IF the zeal of our patrioteers continues to manifest itself in its present direction, we may find ourselves in that happy condition which prevailed in Tsarist Russia, where even citizens travelling about the country were required to carry passports. A bill has lately been introduced in Congress providing for the annual registration of all aliens resident in the United States and the collection of an annual fee of twenty-four dollars from each of them. The bill if it becomes law, will serve two purposes. It will greatly assist the Government in its surveillance of aliens suspected of unorthodox political beliefs. It will also promote the work of Americanization; for the bill provides that the money paid in fees shall go into a "citizenship-instruction fund," to be used in enlightening aliens concerning the nature of the American government and its ideals, if any.

THERE was a heated debate in the House of Representatives the other day, when the "big-navy" advocates won a famous victory in the matter of naval personnel. The immediate point at issue was whether the Hughes navy should be manned by a personnel of 86,000 or one of only 65,000, which latter figure struck the "little-navy" advocates as being about right. From the point of view of expenditure, the difference of 21,000 men is certainly worth considering; but is it not a waste of time for Chairman Kelley, of the sub-committee on appropriations, to argue this matter with Representative Rogers, when some of the greatest naval experts in the world are saying that the battleship is already obsolete? It is the battleship that insatiably devours personnel. Is it not therefore rather strange that the Congress steers so clear of any discussion of the battleship's utility. This question has been debated thoroughly in the French Chamber; it has been up three times in the British House of Commons, and it is also a matter of heated popular controversy in England. But nothing has been said about it in the Congress, and none of our liberal friends who were so much interested in the naval agreement at Washington has brought the question up; yet how under the sun can there be any intelligent discussion of naval personnel until it be determined whether or not the battleship is good for anything?

IN a pronouncement on the crime-wave, Governor Miller says that New York City can be made a safe place to live in; but with shots flying on every corner, and bandits running in all directions in pursuit of the police, it hardly seems likely. Indeed it appears to us that the condition of affairs in the metropolis may be well described by a combination of Governor Miller's phrase with Mr. Lloyd George's more famous one. New York City is already a place "fit for heroes to live in"—but somehow the rest of us feel the need of bullet-proof underwear.

IN all conceivable diffidence, we hereby step forward to express our approval of the plan to rechristen the "Leviathan" with the name of "President Harding." What, indeed, could be more appropriate? The ship, like the President, was acquired as a result of the war, and her operation will certainly be conducted at a great loss to the nation.

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## TOPICS OF THE DAY.

### I SALTIMBANCHI.

NOTHING worth serious comment has as yet happened at Genoa. We must acknowledge that the conference has already lasted longer than we thought it would; and we may add that it has been twice as entertaining as we expected. Most of the fun is furnished by the contrast between the Russian delegates, who talk like straightforward men of affairs, and the others, who talk the conventional jargon of international politics—who talk, in other words, like mountebanks.

For instance, at the outset it was agreed that disarmament and reparations should not be discussed, although every sane man knows that it is absolutely impossible to discuss a single question in European economics without being carried straight back to these two points, for they are fundamental to everything in the economic life of Europe. When the conference was convened, the Russians promptly put themselves on the right side by offering to disarm; for which they were rebuked by M. Barthou, and told that they should not introduce a forbidden subject. They mildly replied that they did not know the details of the Cannes agreement, for no one had told them. They had heard, however, that the French were worried because the Soviet Government had a large army, and they merely thought that it would be a nice neighbourly thing to offer to disband it. However, if the French really did not want to discuss the matter, they would apologize and subside—which, accordingly, they did; and thus ended one of the most amusing scenes ever enacted in the harlequinade of politics. It left our French friends standing in the worst possible light.

Then when it was proposed that the Russians should pay the old Tsarist debts, they merely remarked that it was not quite clear why the Russians should pay their debts when the British and French were not paying theirs, and had apparently no intention of paying them. If the British and French, however, could recognize their debts "in principle," the Russians would cheerfully follow suit as long as anyone liked. They would do anything to be agreeable and help make things go smoothly. But recognition "in principle" was one thing, and actual payment was another, and should be so understood. Then to clinch this point, they presented a bill of 300 billion gold francs against the Allied Powers for damages wrought in Russia by the various counter-revolutionary activities which the Allies had organized and fostered; and they further demanded an instalment of two billion gold francs cash down, saying that they were a little pushed just now and needed the money to go on with.

Thus already the Russians have managed to puncture a number of venerable diplomatic subterfuges and pretences. We doubt that henceforth any editorial writer will ever be able to mention "acceptance in principle" without raising a gale of indecorous laughter. Probably before the conference is over, our Russian friends will bring a good many more of the standard usages of diplomacy into disrepute. They are in a position to do this. They know that their invitation to this conference was a capitulation; that they were invited because they had to be invited, and that if there had been any way on earth of doing without them, they would never have been invited. They know all this quite well, and know that it gives them the whip hand; and they seem not at all disposed to let the Allied Powers save their face in the matter by making a grandiose virtue of necessity. We imagine that when

the Allied Powers come down off their high horse and talk business, the Russians will talk business; but as long as the Allied Powers dally in the realm of buncombe, the Russians will throw their whole grateful souls into the gladsome duty of showing them up.

### TOWARDS INDIVIDUALISM.

ACCUSTOMED as we are to regard national independence as the goal of political ambition, we are in danger of overlooking the real significance of the Gandhi movement in India. It is realized, to be sure, that a victory for the method of passive resistance would have a profound influence upon a world which is wedded to violence; but the bearing of the struggle upon the controversy between the individual and the State is not so clearly perceived. It is therefore worth noting that the Gandhi movement has revived the flagging spirits of those who lean to the side of individual liberty and who have grown accustomed to seeing their hopes driven from place to place, as one after another attempt at self-expression expired beneath the steam-roller of centralized authority.

The mind craves a tangible home for its Utopias, an actual Spain for its castles; and the will-to-believe is so strong that, in spite of the ability of old institutions to survive revolution, each country that is shaken by a popular convulsion is hailed as the veritable cradle of liberty. America, France and Russia have served in turn as the chosen field for the enjoyment of personal responsibility; and although expectations have not yet been realized, it is possible that each struggle has contributed something to a more or less obscure evolutionary process. But in each instance, resort to violence has created an overpowering centralization of government, and the hope of freedom has dwindled as the inevitable bureaucracy developed.

The new hope in the case of India lies chiefly in the avoidance of violence and its inevitable consequences. Because of its alliance with this treacherous force, Ireland is threatened with a barren victory in which the bounds of tolerance find no enlargement. National independence, considered by itself, is not calculated to inspire outsiders; for even when nationalism succeeds in overcoming local antagonisms and in extending rights within the State, the principle of liberation is halted at the boundary, and nationalism becomes an agent of division and discord. The results of self-determination are likely to be disappointing until the universality of human rights is recognized.

It is precisely the respect for individual judgment that distinguishes the struggle for liberation in India from the familiar type of revolution, and encourages the hope of consequences weighted with fewer disenchantments. Gandhi, according to a compatriot, Ram-Prasad-Dubé, who discusses the movement in *Clarté*, has performed a great service in developing the philosophy of individual responsibility. Although he has not yet discovered the fundamental economic basis of reconstruction for Hindu society, he has succeeded in making an appeal that is comprehensible to the masses, because it is based on social and economic interests and self-respect. Its sincerity may be judged by its insistence upon the abolition of caste-prejudices and religious exclusiveness. Instead of creating a sectarian movement after the conventional pattern, commanding obedience to church or party, Gandhi regards the individual as a social unit subject only to self-discipline.

The magnitude of the revolution already accomplished is shown by the way in which the members of different castes are acting together as equals, eating

together and even intermarrying. Not only have caste barriers given way, but the carefully nurtured division between Mohammedan and Hindu has been successfully overcome. It is as though the whites and Negroes of the South were to join forces on a basis of political and social equality, and enter into a fraternity which no longer knew the meaning of any ancient feud or any separatist doctrine. Gandhi's good offices in behalf of the Mohammedans have led them in return to discourage the slaughtering of cows, out of respect for the religious feelings of the Hindus.

From an economic point of view, the revival of the spinning-wheel has been effective, not because it is in itself a step in the direction of greater ease and comfort, but because in the circumstances it helps to free the masses from dependence upon British goods, and at the same time spares them the misery of Western industrialism. Resort to such an expedient is made possible by the emotions aroused in a struggle which persuades its adherents, irrespective of caste and private fortune, to wear the coarse, homespun *khaddar*, to abandon luxury and to suffer imprisonment. As a result of the supplementary occupation provided by home industry, agricultural labourers are no longer forced into industrial centres, as they used to be, and as they would be again were the exceptional demand for homespun to come to an end. Permanent economic emancipation is not to be found in the abandonment of scientific methods, but in the determination to keep open the limitless natural opportunities for self-employment as an alternative to the factory or the mine.

The participation of women in the Gandhi movement, both in respect of industrial work and of political agitation, is another significant factor in a revolution which has become more and more a popular movement. But there is a division of opinion among the native leaders; some of the younger men who have studied in England, wishing to organize the Indian labourers along trade-unionist lines; while others prefer an anarchist-communist development as more in keeping with Hindu tradition, although for the highly centralized form of communism attempted in Russia, decentralized and independent units would be substituted. Hindu thought is more concerned with social ideas than with political ideas, as may be inferred from the freedom from outside authority that prevails even in religious matters.

There is some danger, according to Ram-Prasad-Dubé, that Gandhi's adherents may end in becoming a new cult; say, a communist party of ten million persons united in a caste and submerged "in the vast obscure sea of the Indian population." There is also danger, says this authority, that Gandhi will become entangled in political intricacies and make unwise concessions. "On the other hand," he adds, "one can regard as an event in the history of social evolution in India, the agitation for the adoption of Hindu philosophy. It is that alone which has given a new life to the masses, and awakened the latent energy and the constructive idealism of the oppressed Indian people." The success of the movement will depend upon its adherence to the idea of individual responsibility as a means of accomplishing a measure of freedom that has not proved possible under the political constitutions of the Western world.

### THE COMPARISON ODIIOUS.

SURELY there is material for the ironist in the fact that the higher political protagonists of our economic system habitually talk in their public outpourings like illiterate evangelists; while the speeches of the wild Russian

Bolshevik leaders so often read, in moderate statement and meticulous analysis, like an editorial in some such publication as the monthly bulletin of the National City Bank. Probably the point is that our bankers and the Soviet leaders alike represent a world of actualities; while our unfortunate politicals represent a world of pure blather. The head of one of our larger financial institutions, after a long conference with Messrs. Martens and Nuorteva, who were the Soviet's trade-representatives in this country before Mr. Wilson's Administration hurled them from our shores, was chiefly impressed by the fact that these representatives of alien politics talked like business men. Apparently such a thing transcended his experience here.

Admirably in point is a speech by M. Chicherin, Russian Commissar for Foreign Affairs, on the proposals for the Genoa conference, delivered before the All-Russian Central Executive Committee, 29 January. The Executive Committee, with its 200 members chosen from the Central Soviet, is the somewhat unwieldy administrative council responsible under the Russian Constitution for the conduct of the Government. It is virtually of parliamentary proportions. Under the unrestrained dictatorship which, as we are repeatedly informed, dominates Russian policy, there would be no reason to suppose that the Foreign Minister would find it necessary to make more than a formal and superficial announcement in respect to the problem of Genoa, and to secure a blanket endorsement for the dictators. At best, one would expect nothing more than the evasions and platitudinous generalities of a Lodge addressing a committee of the Senate on some new departure in foreign policy. But M. Chicherin's speech, as printed in that admirable periodical, the London *Labour Monthly*, is the address of an exceptionally talented executive presenting an important proposition before his board of directors. With businesslike candour and directness, above all with a fine grasp of the larger implications of his subject, M. Chicherin gives a thoroughly dispassionate analysis of the whole international situation leading up to Genoa; and by the time he concluded, his auditors must have had a very substantial education in foreign affairs.

What, for instance, could be more admirable than the following quotation setting forth the British attitude?

When I put before you for ratification our first peace-treaty, the treaty with Esthonia, I referred then to the sharp divergence of interests between England and France, both in relation to the Baltic States, and with respect to Soviet Russia. On the banks of the Thames, I said, flourishes the finest flower of the art of government. There you will find concentrated all the acumen, all the political sagacity of the capitalist world. The governmental circles of England know well how to look ahead, and possess a fine *flair* for the appearance of new historical forces. The English governing-tradition consists in the observance of the succession of historical events and in compromising with new historical phenomena. To enter into agreement with new historical forces in order to dominate them—therein consists the triumph of the traditional English art of government.

At the present time the representative of this English tradition is Lloyd George, with his pliability, his sensitiveness to all surrounding social and political forces, and his skill in compromise. . . .

This policy [compromise with regard to Soviet Russia] of Lloyd George had temporarily to give way to the military plans of the extreme chauvinist circles represented by Churchill. Their object was to establish on the ruins of Soviet Russia a naked dictatorship of the Entente, relying on the big banks, by means of which conquered Russia would be converted into a colonial country. But no sooner was the failure of Denikin apparent than Lloyd George, at the autumn banquet

of the Lord Mayor of London in 1919, delivered an historic speech on the necessity for coming to terms with the Soviet Government. . . .

The arrival of Krassin in London marked the beginning of a new period in our relations with England and in our international relations in general. Lloyd George's motto, "Peace and trade"—once the motto of the great majority of business interests in England and even of the labour-organizations—was also our motto.

With equal dispassionateness M. Chicherin then takes up the situation in France, in Italy and in the United States, as affecting Russian relations. His analysis of the muddle in America shows an acquaintance with intimate American politics that probably few of our publicists could match. In the course of his discussion of American policy, he brings out the contrast between the instant enlistment of American sympathy for generous relief-measures in the matter of the Russian famine, and the stubborn failure of American leaders in business and politics to show towards Russia any sense of reality. Plainly M. Chicherin believes that in the nature of events, British policy offers inevitably the best hope for Russia to-day, largely because British statesmanship shows such a persistent sense of political realities.

One need not care a paper rouble for or against communism in order to appreciate this sort of exposition. Clearly the tenacity of the present Russian leadership against almost insuperable odds is explicable on the ground of intelligence. It is a difficult matter to overthrow intelligence, especially in a world where, in political circles at least, it is such a rarity. Americans who have the good fortune to light upon a copy of this address will read it with a feeling of humiliation and envy. The inevitable query will arise, Why can we not have from our political executives utterances of such clarity and comprehensiveness? Possibly the answer is that to speak well, a person must have something to say.

### AD ABSURDUM.

WHEN the propagandist abroad gets to work, a touch of broad farce is injected into the comedy of nations. Probably it is because the world was so overinfested by propagandists during the war that we no longer accord them the attention and appreciation their antics deserve. Yet Rabelais himself never invented anything more side-splitting than the picture of Mr. Wilson's two agents, Mr. Elihu Root and Mr. Charles Edward Russell, entering Russia hand-in-hand to instruct the Slavic people in the blessings of democracy and patriotism; the brothers Grimm never devised anything more exquisite than the former German propagandists who used to portray Wilhelm II as a sort of imperial Santa Claus; and surely Baron Munchausen looked down enviously on those British agents here who, when we were still neutral in thought and deed, wrote pieces for simple-minded American editors about the brave old days of the American Revolution, when Washington and his men wrested American independence from a stubborn old German King who sought to hold our ancestors in bondage against the protests of the entire British people.

We are reminded of these old, unhappy, far-off things by a recent leading article featured in the New York Times Sunday Magazine by P. W. Wilson, an English writer who for a long period has favoured this country as a market for his uncommonly abundant literary wares. Mr. Wilson makes an attempt to justify British rule in India by demonstrating that the ideas of Mahatma Gandhi differ from those of Jesus.

The plea for non-coöperation [says Mr. Wilson] is not new or peculiar to India or Ireland. It was heard nineteen centuries ago in Judea. To Christ and his Apostles it came as an urgent challenge. At the crisis of his career on earth they asked him whether it was lawful to pay tribute to Cæsar. Or should they refuse? . . . In India, as in Russia, the illiterates rejoice to hear that a day may dawn when they will pay no more taxes. To propaganda so dishonest Christ refused to lend his name. His answer was less popular than that of Gandhi, but it was more courageous. 'Render unto Cæsar,' said he, 'the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's.'

There are two peculiar suggestions in this statement of our British cousin. One is that the desire not to pay taxes is confined to "illiterates" in India and Russia. We think here that Mr. P. W. Wilson does an injustice to the literate Anglo-Saxon public by relegating such elementary common sense to two obviously inferior and remote peoples. The other oddity is the remarkable idea that Jesus served as a propagandist for the imperial Roman tax-collector. A reading of Luke xx would surely disabuse our English friend on this point.

After utilizing the words of Jesus to make him the protagonist of British imperialism, Mr. Wilson goes on to show that it is not Gandhi but the British Raj who is faithfully carrying out in India the precepts of the teacher of Nazareth. Jesus said "heal the sick": the imperial British masters have established hospitals. Jesus bade the lame to walk. In a broader sense, "what Christ asserted was the right of movement—of travel"; so the imperial British masters have built railways. Jesus said "forbid them not"; so the imperial British masters have built schools, which the irreverent Gandhi scoffs at. Mr. Wilson admits that these schools are not as many as they might be, though he delicately refrains from stating that the educational appropriations from the fat Indian revenues amount to only a fraction of a cent per capita. Jesus asked that the naked be clothed; and the imperial British masters thoughtfully import all sorts of machine-made garments, but the impious Gandhi is opposed to their use. "Jesus used to say that anyone who gave away even a cup of cold water should have his reward," and the imperial British masters have projected "magnificent and constantly-extending schemes of irrigation." Finally, "when Gandhi refused to play his part in the Indian Parliaments, he was, in effect, dissociating himself from the entire programme which Christ, nurtured on the Jewish wisdom, saw that the East needed."

In short, the non-coöperative policy of Gandhi is distinctly unchristian. "Would Christ have declined to co-operate?" asks Mr. Wilson, after discussing each of these various matters. It is apparent that his answer would be a resounding negative. Obviously Jesus would have been a happy colonial subject of King George, and would not have gone about stirring up the people after the manner of his spurious imitator of these latter days. Indeed Mr. Wilson gives the final blow to Gandhi's pretensions when he points out that Gandhi "has not joined any Christian Church," though "these churches are numerous and varied."

In view of all these things, it seems eminently proper that Mr. Wilson should dismiss the arrest of Gandhi as a trivial and unimportant matter. With admirable restraint he refrains from calling it an inevitable religious duty. "The disappearance of Gandhi," he merely says, "does not close one hospital, interrupt one railway, cut off one life-bringing canal, disband one mission, wreck one savings bank, oppress one outcast, perpetuate one prejudice."

Surely the American people owe a great debt of gratitude to Mr. P. W. Wilson for making this whole Indian problem so simple and comprehensible. After reading this article, the more serious-minded among us may well ask ourselves if we, as a Christian people, should be content merely to sit by while the British Government alone and unaided consecrates itself to its Christlike task in India. Should we not send a few divisions of soldiers to assist the heroes of Amritsar and their comrades in their pious crusade? Mr. Wilson, with characteristic modesty, does not make such a request, though in one passage he speaks touchingly of the lonely English pioneers of civilization.

It would be characteristic for him to refrain. It is now some years that he has remained among us for our enlightenment in matters appertaining to British imperialism. For a man so passionately enamoured of the far-flung institutions of his own country, this absence from his own hearthstone must be an irksome self-sacrifice. Perhaps after this last great educational effort, to which, by the way, the editor of the *Times* prepends a note of needless apology, Mr. Wilson will feel that he can return home for a much-needed rest. Doubtless many grateful Americans would be glad to subscribe to a fund for the indefinite extension of his vacation.

### THE CITY OF THE CHAMELEONS.

FOR twenty years or so after the resignation of the great director, the famous Symphony Orchestra of the City of the Chameleons had had the good fortune to be led by disciples of the master, men of charm and vivacity who continued to infuse a living spirit into their music. So, when Dionysos returned to earth to take up his neglected duties as god of growth and harmony, it was perhaps not astonishing that he should choose to appear as leader of this orchestra.

Though the personality of the new director was distinctly thrilling, it was not at first held credible that he could actually be Dionysos himself. First to be convinced of the interesting fact was Mrs. Charles Amberson, a woman of undoubted intelligence, yet perhaps a trifle Arcadian. She was married to a prefect of a vast industrial organization, viceroy absolute over a hundred mills and the entire town which housed them. Mrs. Amberson is known to have been displeased with many aspects of her city. She is known also to have invited Dionysos to tea on several occasions; and on one such occasion she invited him, in the current fashion, to visit her home town, and make a "survey" of it.

The young god accepted the invitation, and with his leopards and his girls he went over the ground with genuine interest. He did not object to the externals of the city so much as to a kind of standardized pattern which he thought he detected in the minds and ways of the people. To Mrs. Amberson's surprise, Dionysos did not shrink from machinery at all. In fact, he commended the beauty of steel-grey pistons sliding noiselessly, and the great scarlet wheels of the power-stations. He wearied the great lady by promenading through miles of warehouses, and through aisle after aisle of blooms and blocks, flanges and jacks. But to see the newspapers of the city all furnished with uniform and rather bad opinions—especially bad to him at least, as the god of growth and harmony—and men's heads all furnished with standardized ambitions and prejudices, caused him some uneasiness.

"What do you think of my city?" inquired Mrs. Amberson, as they sat one afternoon drinking ginger-ale on the veranda of the country club.

"Those ideals are protuberant which should not be protuberant," declared Dionysos, oracularly.

"Many of us long to make other things than money," sighed the lady, "but the mere task of living is so great."

"Not every one loves dollars," agreed the god, "each has his dreams. But what can one do about it?"

"We Chameleons take colour from our background," said Mrs. Amberson. "We are what our environment makes us; so, don't you think we might experiment with environments?"

"Go ahead," said Dionysos.

"Knowing no quicker way to blot out one environment and summon another than through music and costume, I propose to give a sensational dance."

"Excellent! I will write a symphony for you."

"Wonderful Boy!" said Mrs. Amberson, "Write a symphony to express us, to express all that we Chameleons hope and fear;

and on the night of the dance we will drape your music like a coloured wall behind us, and see what happens."

"Remember that my music is pretty strong at times. The results may surprise you."

"Be that as it may," said the lady.

### II

Mrs. Amberson planned originally to give the ball in a new club-house which the company had just built as a gift to its employees, in an open square between river and railway, flanked by blast-furnace and rolling-mill. But when she went over her scheme in detail, she could not imagine her dance in that spot; nor could she imagine it in the ball-room of her own home. At last she decided that neutral territory would be best, and she secured permission to use a level field in one of the city parks. She floored this field with wood and waxed canvas, and had it covered with post-impressionistic canopies. She likewise introduced a number of diverse fountains, and lined the pavilion with ultra-modern flowers and trees. In the centre of the floor, elevated among rhododendrons, rose the stage for the orchestra.

Never was a more various assemblage than came, some in street-cars and some in limousines, to the great ball-room on the appointed night. The hostess had let it be known that no less a person than Dionysos would be present, that he had brought with him his orchestra, and that during the evening he would conduct a symphony of his own, dedicated to the City of the Chameleons. Such news caused wild excitement, and it was rumored that the seventh dance would be very unusual.

Chameleons come from every country in the world, and every race was represented at this event. Dionysos, who has been about a good deal, was delighted to see that the foreigners who work in the mills came wearing the festival attire of their native lands, and he recalled at a glance the localities from which had emigrated the girls dressed like Zouaves, with gay caps shaped like tambourines; the other girls with strings of coins coiled in their hair, and wearing brilliant aprons before and behind; and the men with red and blue waistcoats and red girdles.

The executives of the company came too, with their women-folk, and as they had no picturesque localities behind them such as the Dimbovitza or the valley of the Moratcha, they had resorted to costume more startling, if less satisfying. Faces hooded like the phantasms of sleep, phoenixes, dragons and other pleasant forms of self-distortion, suggested something eerie even in the bare skins of those who came as blue Negroes, pagan deities or members of the Ballet Russe.

The preliminary dances were of a kind which soothed the Chameleons. Their varied colours fluttered through many shades of sentimentality, as popular melodies reminded them that it was sweet to live and sweeter still to love. At length the seventh dance came on, and Dionysos stepped to the conductor's dais. After a glance roundabout at the gaiety below him, he rapped with his baton and extended his brown-gold arms.

The symphony began with music which the Chameleons knew they had never heard before; yet it recalled something they had always known, *The ignis fatuus* which, with no will to hurt, had played upon the ball-room during the preceding dances, now disappeared; and in its stead, the dancers moved to and fro in waves like those of an ocean, through colours like those of dawn.

Dionysos could see that at first the movement was a cause of anxiety to some, and he instructed the trumpets to render their parts with more humour. But no fear could last long in the delight of the vague and intricately-moving disquiet. In a gentle madness, the dancers rose and fell, were apparent as individuals, and went back again into the dawn-coloured sea. For the first time many of the younger persons began to suspect in themselves the existence of something neither standardized nor geometrical.

On the platform above, Dionysos, as he imparted to his symphony the meaning of its giant movements, swayed the orchestra like the daemoniac genius of rhythm.

Mr. Blackstone, the senior director of the company and a formidable reactionary, who was dancing with Mrs. Amberson, observed to her, "This music is too modern."

"I'm sure I went to great pains to secure the best music I could," answered the lady. She was not pleased with Mr. Blackstone, for alone of all her guests, he had been too conservative to come in costume, and wore odious evening dress.

"It's too radical," snapped the banker. "I can not catch its drift. I feel as if I were being dragged where I didn't want to go."

"Let me lead you," said Mrs. Amberson. "Forget yourself; you will soon learn the trick."

"When you do that to me," said Mr. Blackstone, pausing to mop his brow, "you seem in league with the music. Please don't do that again. It is insufferable."

But the symphony now passed to its second movement, and a change came over the dance. The Chameleons lost the secret which a moment before had made them flow onward as one. The music froze into incredible regularity, as though it had been manufactured in uniform festoons.

Mr. Blackstone was much relieved, and spoke of the change as "refreshing" and "the sort of thing he was used to." There was something of mockery in the glance which Dionysos sent occasionally toward Mrs. Amberson and her partner; but many noticed how well the banker was dancing, and one of his secretaries who was dancing with one of his stenographers, observed sadly, "Take the life out of a thing, and Blackstone's happy!"

But the Chameleons in general were not happy. The protective colouring of the workaday world returned to them, and they gazed upon one another sullenly and malevolently. They felt their blood congeal, and pair by pair they withdrew from the dance.

What had happened was the abrupt transference of the main theme from instruments like violin and 'cello which appear to unify all human voices, to certain new instruments. At the opening of the movement the young composer had publicly waved back the first violins to make room for the first cash-registers. There was a moment of silence; and then, at a gesture from the god, the stock-tickers in the centre of the orchestra led off to the accompaniment of one flute. The flute soon disappeared like an errant dream, but a horn took its place, sounding as the movement proceeded, farther and farther away; and finally, with the entrance of the cash-registers, fading entirely. There was a slow but steady increase of sound as one by one the adding-machines and type-writers came in; then, like a suddenly-launched panic, blared the drums and fifes. Occasionally the wail of a violin was still audible, or the sob of a clarinet; but the *crescendo* swelled without interruption to a tremendous conclusion, when with a loud and painful bang it stopped, leaving nothing.

### III

The third movement was the child of the first two; and while the adding-machines and cash-registers played no more solo parts, by skilful direction they helped to swell the volume of the bolder passages. The triumph of sylvan sounds over those of Babel reassured the Chameleons, and their wild abandon gradually returned to them. Dionysos, with his delicate ear and wholesome personality, appeared to be weaving flowers over the gaunt cliffs of down-town, and vines with purple clusters over colleges and warehouses.

Once more the dancers felt in their hearts the presence of the Different. The god hypnotized them into believing that their sinuous activity imparted itself to the very ball-room in which they moved. Then, released from that gossamer chamber, the mimes felt themselves dancing through the streets of their city. On every hand they perceived that the structures which surrounded them, instead of being weighted masses of the inanimate, quivered with the same life as their own, and hastened to join them in movement: the city really seemed to be but themselves, magnified and spread out upon the landscape; and because they wore such a variety of costume, they felt that they were the whole world, and that all the cities of the world were moving with them.

Mr. Blackstone again experienced difficulty. At first he thought he had a headache; then he wondered whether it might not be angina pectoris; but at last he understood that the pain came from a region adjacent to his pocket-book; and he paled.

Dumb stones, dumb lives, heretofore at the disposal of his methodical mind, now appeared in the gesture of open rebellion. Was there in the world nothing solid, nothing dead, except his own ideas? He was solicited from every quarter, as he thought, to keep moving, to leave the earth, to fly. His upward vision met the lightning eye of Dionysos, and he again had the illusion of struggling with a mortal foe. As for Mrs. Amberson, she failed to notice his perturbation; and enjoying herself a great deal, she wished merely that her partner had been a better dancer, a dancer impregnated with a music blue as heaven, blue as ocean, blue almost as the eyes of her children.

The dance, which now included both the Chameleons and their city, was motion with a stupendous purpose. The five-score mills, the furnaces without number, the city hall, schools, churches, libraries and hospitals, and homes, and all buildings which men have built, disclosed themselves as capable of the most astonishing flexibility. The spirit inhabiting them appeared, in the web of dream which Dionysos had

drawn over everything, to be intent on releasing itself from earth. This resolution showed itself in the great shaft of many a skyscraper; it shot dizzily up like light, through windowed terraces to the topmost roofs. Lightnings flashed along the down-town sky-line, and suns and moons burned in the tangled forest of smoke-stacks which surrounded the city.

The Chameleons caught the fever; they too gazed at the heavens, throwing back their heads and expanding their bosoms: and then, with the buildings they understood at last, they poured themselves upward to the infinite, or felt as though they did.

Yet at this moment, when they seemed for ever free of a world at cross-purposes, and near the bright secret of life, they remembered afterwards that they had heard alarming shrieks and cries of pain, sounding now from this side, now from that. They were too ecstatic to heed these sounds; only when the music ceased for the third intermission did they understand that there had been casualties.

The stricken lay in all directions; some ominously rigid, with little groups about them, others writhing in agony and uttering blood-chilling cries. Great confusion ensued. Chameleons hastened about with stretchers and restoratives, ambulances arrived from the hospitals, and surgeons and internes began to administer first aid. In the excitement, there were even threats made against Dionysos.

The god was observing the scene with a somewhat detached air, when he noticed that Mrs. Amberson had come to the edge of the platform and was trying to attract his attention.

"It will never do," gasped the lady. "You have gone much too far. You have killed poor Mr. Blackstone!"

"Surely not," he answered, leaping down beside her. Dionysos is always kind, though his music is not. The lady led the way to the side of the financier. His face had turned purple, and he kept murmuring deliriously, "This music undermines our whole civilization. It is a nightmare."

"How did this happen?" inquired Dionysos, astonished.

"Mr. Blackstone went into a fit of shuddering when the banks and skyscrapers came loose from their moorings," explained Mrs. Amberson. "Before I could help him to a seat, he lost consciousness."

It was no easy rescue, and Dionysos had to exert himself to the utmost. But it is pleasant to narrate that after some moments, Mr. Blackstone was brought out of the syncope that had threatened to terminate his existence, and his cheeks became ruddy.

But millionaires were not the only victims. The god moved from group to group, diagnosing in each case what had unfitted the victim for hearing his music, and recommending remedies. Mr. Dalmon Berkovitch, the celebrated anarchist, for instance, had fainted when he saw that the city hall and the police-stations were taking the road to glory, and understood that they had it in them to rise also and become part of the general good. Several well-known versifiers were paralysed when it was forced upon their imagination that dirty steel-mills had as much place in human progress as gardens of exotic flowers. The god prescribed too, for a labour-leader, to whom the revelation of a world in which everybody's welfare was of more importance than that of the union he represented, had come as a grave shock.

As meanwhile the members of the orchestra were likewise alleviating the pain of those who suffered from dividends and inherited fortunes, or from middle-class apathy, or from inordinate laziness on the job, the ball-room soon became a more pleasant place, and the maskers no longer stood about lamenting that anyone should be without the spiritual pigmentation which could give them place in so wonderful a pean of life. One by one, Mr. Blackstone, Mr. Berkovitch and all those who had been stricken, regained their feet, still alive, still in a world of music.

So strong became the desire to go on with the symphony, that Dionysos returned to his dais and rapped with his baton. Richly and softly the music tided over the dancers, and absorbed them again in that unity of desire which is the ultimate dream of their city, and which is also the ultimate dream of life everywhere.

HANIEL LONG.

### INDUSTRY AND SPECULATION.

IN Mexico, during recent years, a large percentage of the rural population has gone to swell the number of town-dwellers. One of the obvious causes of this transmigration is the insecurity of life and property resulting from insurrectionary movements, and is intensified, of course, in regions that are remote from the large centres of population. But this is not the only cause, for the phenomenon is increasingly widespread

and the concentration in towns continues notwithstanding the disappearance of the revolutionary unrest. Even in countries like the United States where stable conditions exist, statistics reveal the decay of the country-side and the rapid growth of the cities; the origin of this evil lies deeper and is universal.

Agriculture is the largest single industry in Mexico. Moreover, it exercises a controlling influence on all other industries. If agriculture goes wrong, other industries go wrong. If agriculture should stop, no other industry could survive. The oil-industry is perhaps the only one that might be sustained by agricultural products imported from other countries. Agriculture, then, is the fundamental industry whose prosperity or failure affects at its very root the economic life of Mexico; hence the importance of seeking out the causes of its defective working which result in the decay of country life and the concentration of the population in the towns.

It is commonly supposed that money makes money, that wealth can be produced merely by applying a pen to paper or by some process of alchemy, whereas in reality, in an economic sense, money can be created only by the application of human effort to natural agencies. The classic theories of economics divide the production of wealth into rent, interest, profit and wages. Actually, the landlord and the capitalist receive rent, interest and profit because they are the owners of property in its different forms, while the worker receives wages for his expenditure of energy in creating the products of industry. This results in the making of a distinction between incomes for property and incomes for service: the latter being personal and concrete, based on function; the former being impersonal and abstract and based on tradition. Putting technicalities aside, however, an important factor in the decline of agriculture in Mexico is revealed by the antagonism that exists between agriculturists on the one hand and those who are engaged in land-speculation on the other: in other words, the landowner who raises the monopolistic value of land so high that agriculture becomes a precarious occupation from the standpoint of making a living. The value of the land, upon which the rent or the interest of the capital invested in it is reckoned, is generally so high in Mexico to-day that industrial profits are largely absorbed by the profits of the landowner, and the industrial agriculturist is left in a state of extreme poverty. Whether the farmer owns the land which he works—a very unusual thing in Mexico—or cultivates it on sharing-terms with the owner, or leases it, or is paid wages—which is the usual case—the monopolistic value of the land leaves the farming-industry, ultimately, with only enough for a precarious existence.

Two factors enter into this inflation of land-values: productiveness of the soil and the power of monopoly. From a social point of view, the first is, in reality, the less important, and is operative only where the productivity of the land becomes greater through a unification of the holdings. The second factor is the hoarding of land, the effects of which are felt beyond the bounds of agricultural productivity, manifesting themselves whenever there is an increase in population or in the collective needs of the community. Thus the landlord's monopolistic power systematically increases the value of his property till it reaches the farmer's limit of endurance. The factor of productiveness operates in the same fashion; and in periods of prosperity it combines with the monopolistic factor to keep agriculture buried under the speculative pressure of the land-value.

Consider, for example, the situation to-day in one of the richest agricultural regions of Mexico, La Laguna. This territory is occupied by several thousand farmers who either rent the land or cultivate it on sharing-terms with the owners. Superficially these farmers are prosperous, but actually they succeed only in occasionally gilding their poverty. Year after year these farmers come to Mexico City begging for fresh capital to enable them to carry on their industry. Several years of good crops come and go and the golden poverty of these farmers continues; then come years of crop-failures and a decline in prices—as was the case last year—and then their poverty is intense. The owners of the land in this region, however, sustained by the factors of monopoly and productivity, have increased the capitalization of their property from \$50 to \$2000 per hectare, and, while living in Mexico City or in foreign countries, cheerfully enjoy the profits which are based on a high annual percentage of their speculative capitalization in the business of owning land. Meanwhile, the actual cultivator of the soil who is employed by the leaseholders enjoys his usual condition of actual physical want, however much he may produce by his labour.

In the Valley of Mexico, the over-capitalization of a hectare of arable land reaches an average of \$1250. The power of monopoly has turned the increase of population and the growing necessities of the people to its own profit, while the factor of productivity has, in its turn, taken advantage of the richness of the soil, the low freight-rates, the proximity to the market, etc., to increase this over-capitalization. Meanwhile, the leasing farmer and the wage-earner remain perpetually oppressed to the limit of endurance.

The blame for the general depression of agriculture in Mexico and for the cost of production is usually laid upon the high cost of transportation and its deficiencies and upon inefficient methods of production. The truth of the matter, however, is that when these evils are corrected, the phenomenon of the over-capitalization of land-values reappears and the agricultural industry is again reduced to running on a precarious margin of profit.

There are, of course, other factors which make for the decline of agriculture in Mexico: for example, the usurious rate of interest which is exacted from the farmer by the capitalist, and especially too, the immoderate profits that are obtained by the middlemen who, from the furrow to the market, control agricultural production and distribution. It is not so difficult, however, to fight these evils. Co-operation in matters of credit, storage and distribution, is immediately possible as an elementary defence on the part of producers and buyers. Co-operative societies for credit and distribution would alter things so much that the capitalization of land could not be made exclusively on a basis of speculative inversion. The farmer's control of the distributive process under co-operative management would also enable him to have a greater influence in fixing prices. If, in addition, co-operative societies of consumers were formed to aid the co-operative societies of credit and distribution, producer and consumer would thus be enabled to come into direct contact, and so escape the usurious interest of the capitalist and the immoderate profits of the middleman.

These remedies, however, can in the end only partially and for a time alleviate what is really a constitutional disease. The power of monopoly that is exerted by Mexican landlords springs from a legal privilege, and a radical solution of the evil can scarcely be found within the present social organization. The

land, which was originally common property, has been gradually absorbed by an oligarchy of owners; thence comes the power of monopoly that permits the speculative over-capitalization of land-values. The direct relation between human effort and production is transformed into an indirect relation in which land-property becomes a source of income independent of the effort that is applied to it. This has been the process by which a few privileged ones receive incomes they have not earned, to the detriment of the many who apply their energies to the cultivation of the soil.

It is usually forgotten that the hired cultivator rather than the owner of the farm is the essential producer. His character as a consumer, inside the social stratum, is secondary. Granting his true and essential function, it is necessary to determine how much he produces, what proportion of this is used by him and who gets the rest. When we have a clear understanding on this point, a road may be opened towards the extermination of the evil of land-monopoly. Meanwhile, the power of monopoly "sustains agriculture as the rope sustains a hanged man."

RAFAEL NIETO.

(Governor of the State of San Luis Potosí.)

## COLLEGE EDUCATION: AN INQUEST.

### VI

WE have now traced the broad outlines of academic development from the simple college of the Middle Ages to the vast department store of modern America. We have dealt with ways and means of raising and distributing money, with matters of tenure and government, and with questions of curricula and accountancy. We have seen the academic ship of state drifting before the storm, careening with every breeze and rolling in every trough. We have seen the academic degree, which once had a definite connotation, become the sport of every whimsical faculty, until it means French and bonnet-making in one place and "sociology" in another. Four hundred college presidents clamour loudly for money to keep their drifting ships under steerage way, but not one of them has yet formulated a great concept of intellectual life and national destiny to be served by his institution of learning. All is without form, and void. Yet, on commencement-days, what high talk we hear about grave responsibilities, solemn obligations, patriotic duties of the educated, fine spirit of service, redemptive power of intelligence, etc. etc. etc. The marvellous thing is that this can go on, year after year, without laughter. Yet not so marvellous perhaps! The flappers and lounge-lizards are blissfully indifferent, academicians live by it, and the outside world is too busy to stop and think about it.

Of course, the various religious denominations can give a certain account of themselves. Every one knows what it means to educate youth for the Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Anglican, Moravian, Catholic, Lutheran, Congregational, Unitarian, Universalist, and Mennonite parsonhood. There are still quite a few who think the way to heaven is narrow and that they alone walk in it. But, when we pass from the training of the clergy, we are at sea, even in denominational learning. The sponsors of denominational institutions are no better able to chart the wide ocean than the heads of our "godless" State universities.

If we should leave aside the minor matters, probably most college presidents would agree, however, that they are concerned with distributing knowledge, with affording a livelihood for scholars who devote themselves to learning, and with establishing conditions favourable to creative thought. Such were the func-

tions of the university in its origin. But there is this fundamental difference. The mediæval university had a monopoly: it had no rival, no competitor. It alone offered the doctor a livelihood and gave him an audience. Only within its walls could he deliver his mind and heart. Books were few and expensive. Only university men, as a rule, could read or write. Charlemagne died without mastering the art. Only at the university could the seeker after knowledge find the accumulated stores of human wisdom.

How things have changed! The world of creative thought is no longer bounded by the university quadrangle: It is the wide world of life and labour itself. The peasant reads. The artisan defies the Church. Masters and doctors are no longer the only teachers. Editors, publicists, reviewers, special writers, and authors are all teachers whether they hold degrees or not. They are not confined to the instruction of a few hundred immature youths that crowd college lecture-rooms for one reason or another. They speak to the millions of men and woman who buy books, magazines, and papers. One editor boasts that he speaks to fifteen million readers every day. It is probably true. He may speak to forty million to-morrow. The press, the telegraph, the moving picture, and the broadcasting apparatus, are the vast distributive mechanisms of modern society. They make the pen of the mediæval copyist and the teacher's little rostrum seem insignificant by way of comparison. As a distributor of knowledge, the modern college teacher plays a slight rôle. It is, relatively speaking, about equal to the stage-business of "Your car waits, my lord."

This is a fact of revolutionary import. The college teacher, once a monopolist, now has a thousand competitors in the work of disseminating knowledge. Academic supremacy in learning is broken. It is as dead as the Holy Roman Empire. An eminent college president has inquired whether the printing press has not made the lecture-system obsolete. If it has, then there is nothing left for the college teacher but quizzing, codding, and prodding. Dr. Johnson's method was better. "There are your books and there is the rod. Learn your lessons." This eminent president should inquire with equal reason whether the printing press has not made the whole university obsolete.

If the teacher has a competitor in the press, he has also a friend. In the Middle Ages, anyone who had anything to say, that is, every true teacher, could find an audience only at the university, where listeners collected. For the master with a message, the university was indispensable. It was, then, necessary for him to associate himself with the management of some institution of learning, to give time and thought to the absurd and distracting problems of collecting money, hiring and firing janitors, and wrangling over the election of tutors and fellows. From all this, the printing press has emancipated the modern master. He does not have to seek a university office or visit a university building in order to deliver his heart and mind. He does not have to undertake the risks of co-operating with a hundred varieties of human beings not interested in his work. He does not have to assume any responsibilities for administering material things. If what he has to say is worth twopence, a hundred managers of printing-concerns will clamour at his study-door. He does not have to create his own "selling-agency." Others more adept in that business will do it for him. All that he has to do is to produce; and, as Emerson remarked, the world will cut a path to his door. There are some critics, of course, who wax angry over the lack of appreciation in America and long to flee away

to Paris, but even they find willing printers for their complaints.

Thus it has come about that the modern teacher, unlike his mediæval predecessor, is not limited in his scope of influence to the handful of students who attend lectures. He can speak to tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions. He is not limited to the short span of his life. The great silence comes down upon him; he goes to his narrow home; but still the printed page, multiplied without end and translated into many tongues, speaks for him. Far and wide in time and space, among all the peoples of the earth, his message is delivered. John Ruskin, one-time Slade professor in the University of Oxford, is dust at Coniston. The few remaining students who heard his voice will soon perish from the earth; but while the shuttle of thought flies to and fro, "Unto This Last" will be among the king's treasures.

So much for the relation of the university to the mere distribution of thought. As for creative work, no one would, for an instant, contend that any considerable or important part of our creative intelligence is confined within college walls. This has never been a subject of close inquiry, and it should be considered carefully by any rich man who contemplates giving to learning something besides an iron gate or a stained window. But the reader may add to his stature by making a survey for himself. First, let him name ten of the great creative thinkers of the modern age. Second, let him find out how many of them have been regular members of academic bodies. We have had hundreds of professors of English literature in our colleges. How many of them have done anything more than compile, edit, comment, and annotate? Hundreds and thousands of inventions have revolutionized modern life. How many of them have been contrived within college walls? What contributions to politics and to political economy have come from academic cloisters? New editions, textbooks, manuals, syllabuses, compilations, and readings, yes; but what fruits of creative intelligence? The university is not the home of creative thought. It distributes news from the grave, but no messages from the future. Need it be so? That is the question—and an attempt will be made to answer it in a later paper.

As the distributor of knowledge, the college of to-day has no monopoly. It is not even a very important agency. As the home of creative thought, the college has made little impression on the modern world. Well, it has one function left. It has money, and it offers a livelihood to one who fain would devote himself to matters of the spirit. It does—but on what terms and conditions?

Vast changes lie ahead. Intelligence divines them. Creative thought strives to comprehend and forecast. It must of necessity sap the foundations of men's little systems—the very systems which they struggle to sustain by gifts of money! The Hon. William Jennings Bryan has blurted out the homely truth: "The hand that writes the pay check, controls the school." That is too broad; but it contains so much raw fact, that few there are who venture to question it.

The mediæval doctor had to find an academic berth or starve. The modern doctor—editor, publicist, reviewer, critic, or author—has a thousand channels open to him, thanks to the printing press. It is true that no gaping crowds of docile youth are compelled to stop in the highways and by-ways to listen whether they will or not. But the modern doctor who has a message will be heard and sustained outside of academic walls. He may, if he looks too far ahead, suffer

the martyr's fate. But, if he chooses the wiser method of teaching those things the multitude can hear, he may sustain himself without resort to the tender mercies of trustees, presidents, and bursars. His earnings may, indeed, be sufficient to lift him above the feelings of indigence so destructive to free thinking. He may avoid commencement-orations, Phi Beta Kappa addresses, the conferring of honorary degrees, faculty-meetings, examinations, and pestiferous students. No Carnegie pension lulls him into cheap security and carries him gently downward to the serene futility of a retired Indian civil servant. He can teach in the great forum of the wide world, and as a labourer he is worthy of his hire. Why, then, should the teacher burden himself with academic routine and with slavery to adolescence when he has a thousand other avenues open to his talents?

How, then, will it fare with learning in the future? The competition of creative thought on the outside will become keener and keener as the great society becomes more and more complex. Creative teachers of power will find a far wider range of influence through the press than any class-room can ever afford. They will discover that intellectual freedom and economic security can be won for workers in the realm of thought. They will submit to none of the petty routine evolved by those in charge of schoolrooms. Who, then, will be left and why?

"Neither is good work ever done for hatred, any more than hire—but for love only."

SOMNIA VANA.

(To be continued.)

#### ANDRÉ GIDE, BOOKMAN.

SOMEWHERE in his volume of "Prétextes" M. André Gide has said that each new generation should re-examine Lessing's "Laokoön," by which he means that every artist should test the sub-structure of his art, which can be done only by means of critical comparison with the formulations of past artistic movements. M. Gide, that is, being a member of that circle in France of which Stéphane Mallarmé was the master, asked that the artist should have a certain apriority in his method of approach, that he should attack his material with a more or less definitely elaborated system of æsthetics.

In America, where writers are too pretentious to be craftsmen, and where nothing is considered unless it comes from heaven direct, this attitude is in especially ill repute. No one would think of being associated with mere "bookish" literature, mere "literary" effects. And let me mention, in passing, the hilarious state of our national letters which this has entailed; for whereas in specific book reviews, any number of raw geniuses are heralded annually, the same periodicals, when they publish general articles on the subject, are obliged to complain egregiously about the poverty and unemptiness of our literature.

It is with a furious kind of glee, therefore, that I take up the subject of André Gide, who is marked even in his own country as "perverse, false and artificial." For M. Gide is first of all a literary man, whose basic principle is that books are one thing and life another, and that "the work of art stands primarily by discipline and the subjection of realism to a preconceived idea of beauty." In other words, he accepts Mallarmé's teaching that the artist aims to create a distinct cosmogony, to make whatever kind of world offers the richest opportunities for his particular gifts and interests, to be interested in beauty and let truth take care of itself.

In books like "Le Voyage d'Urien" and "Les Nourritures Terrestres," therefore, M. Gide has been free to create effects in a thorough and consistent manner that would have been weakened immeasurably had he been bullied by the need of verisimilitude. Here we have pompous, painfully serious philosophers who would

make the Pope laugh if they were really intended to exist, and yet who, within the covers of their own book, talk with the dignity of organs and worship with a glorious frenzy. In the name of reason, these books are probably the most ridiculous ever written. Yet one who enters this individual universe finds it beautiful in a way in which nothing else is beautiful. One writer in the *Nouvelle Revue Française* has observed recently that "from the point of view of art . . . 'Le Voyage d'Urien' is a dead world, like the moon." Exactly so; but who would not wish to explore the moon? Fidelity to life is at best one side of art; there are just as many possibilities—if not more—in a purely unreal world in which we read:

Morgain has a fever. He has asked us to place on his brow some eternal snow,

whereupon the good philosophers go in search of just this snow; or, an even more skilful hothouse product:

I told them how sorry I was to have kept them waiting; they pardoned me, thinking that on the way I had been delayed by scruples and some further dogmatic subtleties.

In "Les Nourritures Terrestres" the charm is even more complex. Here the lyric giver of laws is the disciple of another who has gone before, and one feels at every turn how this other, this Ménalque, has impressed himself upon his follower. Indeed, the two characters tend to merge, until we find that sentences which the prophet gives as his own are at other places in the book unconsciously attributed to Ménalque. M. Gide has recovered here with remarkable fullness the gestures, the forms, of the proponent of a faith, and that patriarchal splendour which dignifies the prophet who speaks with the knowledge that he is being hearkened unto. At times the doctrinizing is distilled or concentrated into lyrics, or *rondes*, an excellent restoration of the old menippic, a form which, it seems to me, has never been completely exploited. Here we see the grammarian of life; for individual facts are extracted from various corners of the earth and compiled, as it were, in new groupings, like quotations from authoritative books. "Nathaniel, I shall tell you of the most lovely gardens I have seen"; and then gardens are culled from Florence, Seville, Munich, Naples, Grenada; Montpellier, "where we sat on some old tomb flanked with cypresses, and talked slowly while chewing the petals of roses," Malta, Biskra, Tunis—and still others. For M. Gide is the consistent apologist of travel, the urge becoming at its highest a patient pilgrimage towards nowhere, a propulsion towards some force which shifts continually:

And thou, Nathaniel, shalt be like unto one who, that he may not wander amiss, follows after a light held in his own hand.

This book is a peculiar invention, first of all because it centres in what might be called a state of sterility, and the utilization of that state: M. Gide's prophet has written, "Many times I have felt that nature was demanding some move of me, and I have not known what move to make." This is the frame of mind wherein the artist, looking at an object, discovers in himself only a sterile wonder; here in nature is something of pre-eminence to him, like a full moon, and yet this sense of emphasis, of special significance, fails to connect with any action, by which I mean a sentence, or an epic. He is unable, that is, to fix the quality of his delight. Then suddenly, he finds a way out by exhorting us to live in just this sense of "*attente perpétuelle*."

Glancing through Florian-Parmentier's history of contemporary French literature, we find M. Gide associated with various literary movements. It is especially significant to note that in 1894 he is one of the "Neo-Mallarmistes," stressing above all, the difference between "the æsthetic values of language and its dialectic use," which is simply another way of saying that if people talk in one fashion, that is all the more reason why books should talk in another.

As he is so conscious an artist, M. Gide's bibliography is a thing of interest in itself. With his criticisms, plays, novels, translations—he has translated Mr. Conrad's

"Typhoon" into French—*soities, cahiers*, he is an excellent example of that fluidity which is becoming characteristic of modern writers, that desire to round out a complete expression by utilizing all genres. I have said that M. Gide is a constant apologist of travel; but travel to him means something more than a mere transference of the human carcass from one spot to another over the face of the globe. It means a paralleling of this process in the spirit.

The formulator of "Patriatism" (1912) was so thorough in his chauvinism that he wanted the national boundaries kept intact intellectually as well as politically. France, he complained, was taking a suicidal interest in foreign writers; while it was the first duty of the Frenchman to assimilate his own literature. Among the writers who were mentioned as the "first duty of the Frenchman" was André Gide. But I fear that the author of "Patriatism" had not fulfilled this first duty himself, for M. Gide sits awkwardly in such a position. He has always been an eloquent defender of influences, no matter whence they come, and his writings show a wide interest in both English and German literature especially, the latter having plainly influenced his own work.

Pater, in "Marius the Epicurean," has made this distinction between asceticism and culture.

The ideal of asceticism represents the moral effort as essentially a sacrifice, the sacrifice of one part of human nature to another, that it may live the more completely in what survives of it; while the idea of culture represents it as a harmonious development of all the parts of human nature, in just proportion to each other.

It was this "harmonious development" which interested de Gourmont; but M. Gide continually turns to the ascetic. As strongly affected as de Gourmont by the writings of Nietzsche, with a characteristic twist he takes not the conception of an Olympian existence which Nietzsche yearned for, but the sickness with which a poet must be suffering to contract such a yearning. Hearing the call to put off shame, M. Gide could not forget how much shame was implied in the challenge. Thus, over against those free gestures which de Gourmont loved so thoroughly, M. Gide examines the ego which has o'erleapt itself and fallen on t'other.

In "La Porte Étroite" this absorption is revealed with a beautiful completeness. Here we have a girl who has been self-occupied so long and so emphatically that her selfishness seems to have transcended itself. Cherishing herself unconsciously, Alissa tries to "sacrifice" herself when she finds that her sister is in love with the man who loves her. But when the sister finally becomes contentedly married to another man, there is nothing for Alissa to do, if she is to reserve her lovely parts, but to turn to piety. A dealer in rare objects, her connoisseurship has become so thorough that she can not part with what she has, unlike the much more accurately gifted virgin of de Gourmont's "Virginal Heart." Indeed, "La Porte Étroite" and "A Virginal Heart" should be placed together, summing up as they do both phases of this subject.

"L'Immoraliste," an earlier work, hovers a little too patently around Nietzscheanism. Still, this accomplished mariner of his own soul, who orients himself with that rich sentence, "*Je vais parler longuement de mon corps*," can explain himself with a complete lucidity, and show precisely how one human being—with perhaps even more than the normal capacity for tenderness—can let another die through little more than whims, or velleities. In an introduction to this book M. Gide complains that when it first appeared his critics wasted themselves in vituperation of his hero, instead of crediting the author for being able to produce such an animus; which is a very neat defence.

"La Symphonie Pastorale," however, may in some ways be looked upon as the high point in M. Gide's study of the ego. Pater, it will be remembered, had had us imprisoned in the walls of our own personalities; the whole literature of subjectivism is a stressing of the isolation of the individual. In fact, I know of one subjectivist who worried himself for years with the thought that to every-

body else green might seem exactly what he meant by red, and that there was no way of finding out, which, I suppose is ridiculous. A period is not to be tested, however, by the nature of its interests, but by what it does with them, and if subjectivism could produce "La Symphonie Pastorale," then it has justified itself thereby. As an example of that one kind of loveliness, wherein an ego, acutely conscious of its limitations, is trying to produce exactly the same frame of mind in another, let me translate the following passage (the writer is attempting to explain to a blind girl the exact nature of colours):

Nevertheless I was able to take her to Neuchâtel, where I could let her hear a concert. The part each instrument played in the symphony permitted me to return to this matter of colours. I pointed out to Gertrude the different timbres of the brasses, the strings and the wood-winds, and how each of them in its own manner is capable of producing, with greater or less intensity, the entire scale of sounds, from the shrillest to the most profound. I suggested that she correlate in nature, colours such as red and orange with the sound of the horns and the trombones, the yellows and the greens with that of the violins, the 'cellos and the bass-violis; violets and blues being analogous here to the flutes, clarinets and oboes. A sort of inner ravishment seemed at this point to replace her doubts. 'That must be beautiful!' she stammered; and then, of a sudden, 'Oh, but white! I don't understand just where white fits in.'

Or this, where her ailment is further complicated by the fact that, through causes explained in the story, she was not told of things when a child:

She told me later that in hearing the birds sing she used to imagine it purely as an effect of light, like that warmth she felt on her cheeks and hands; without thinking of it exactly, it had seemed quite natural to her that warm air should set to singing, just as water boils near a fire.

Two other works which take a prominent place in M. Gide's fiction are "Isabelle" and "Les Caves du Vatican." The former might be called a château-story, forming part of that class of literature which builds itself about the decay of a family in a mournful old manor-house. The romance here is very delicately handled, and is given a fresh touch by the introduction of a real character, Francis Jammes.

His latest work, however, "Les Caves du Vatican," a string of chapters almost complete in themselves and yet fitting into a larger plan, should mark an epoch for the admirer of Gide; since here, for the first time that I know of, he renounces the first person. Wilde, he tells us in his excellent monograph on that writer, had advised him to do this at the time when "Les Nourritures Terrestres" first appeared, but M. Gide was too thorough in his subjectivism to take it seriously. Here, however, he goes over to a type of writing which is reminiscent of the methods of Robert Louis Stevenson, whom years before M. Gide seems to have cared for sparingly, dismissing him in fact as a "parlour pirate."

Having renounced the pontifical note, M. Gide is freer to abandon himself to his other favourite weakness, intrigue. This love of intrigue had always been with him, usually manifesting itself as a certain bizarre element in his plots. One French critic has complained that M. Gide is never quite serious; which is the truth. That peculiar dishonesty, that want of interest in the faithful retailing of life which I have associated with his bookishness, is what gives "Les Caves du Vatican" the same flavour of distinction that one finds in "Le Voyage d'Urien" and "La Porte Etroite."

KENNETH BURKE.

### LETTERS FROM A COUSIN: III.

LONDON. March, 1922.

YOUR confirmed Londoner is the world's narrowest idiot. It has been his mood for the last three years to eat, drink and be miserable and he has a lazy contempt for those who will not share it. Indeed London is a city of moods and that is why the politicians of Westminster and the merchants of the City are the despair of those who try to do business with them. Their moods last such a devilish long time and if you are an outsider, like Lenin or Gandhi or the President of the United States or Dr. Nansen, you must neither intrude upon them nor attempt to share them, for they are precious and private and also enjoyable, like

a Sunday afternoon fire and muffins for tea. I have found it a little difficult to accommodate myself to the *tempo* of London with this agonizingly slow process of adapting everything that happens to the mood of the moment—a London moment being about one year and eight months. At present we are getting a little tired of being miserable and are inclined to be amused, very mildly, very childishly. We do not want either wit or humour. We are, *au fond*, too much humiliated for that and we want silliness and Lord Northcliffe has come home to give us what we want. Let us eat, drink and be silly, so that, even if we can no longer settle the affairs of the world we will see to it that no one else shall do so either. It is as though Jos Sedley had become the hero of "Vanity Fair."

There is a crisis. Mr. Lloyd George and his Government are in such an unhappy state that it is almost too unkind to write about him, and I would not do so, but that an astute Jewish merchant in Chicago congratulated me six weeks ago, as an Englishman, on the possession of Mr. Lloyd George, the greatest man in the world, "although you may not like his methods." It is important that you in America should realize the nature of Mr. Lloyd George's methods. He has always promised the poor the relief that fills their most ignorant and vulgar dreams. He has always promised the rich that he would not interfere with their arrangements. He has always promised the middle classes a sober, godly and unrighteous world in which both rich and poor would cease from troubling and the small investor should be at rest. Secure in the undertakings of the Prime Minister of Great Britain everybody has helped himself to all that was promised and a little more; buying, buying, buying with an inflated money in an inflated market, a world-market based on nothing at all but the budget of Great Britain in the year 1922, when all should be made plain and the miracle revealed. But there is no miracle, there is no budget, there is no money, because transport is stagnant, and money is only created when goods are moved from one point of the earth's surface to another, and goods are locked up in the various economic units which we used to call nations (every one of them the greatest nation in the world), and until they can be moved they are worthless. There is a gentleman named Bevan who since 1914 has been doing in insurance what Mr. Lloyd George has been doing in politics. This Mr. Bevan has been insuring and re-insuring with war-money which is not money at all but only a desperate reckless promise to pay when you get out of the mess you are in. If you do not get out of the mess in time to save the people who have committed themselves on your promise, they are in the cart, to use good modern international English. Now everybody in the world has committed himself on Mr. Lloyd George's promises and those promises have not been and can not be fulfilled. All the war-money has been spent and, unlike real money, it has not created more money. On the contrary, it has prevented the creation of real money, by arresting the circulation of goods, which, directly they move, bring down the value of war-money with a bang, to the undoing of those wizards who have been dealing in war-money as though it were a commodity. It never was a commodity. It was a fiction which the world's necessity has exploded, leaving Mr. Lloyd George, a charming person no doubt, but an ignorant, in the position of Mississippi Law who played the same pranks with the world's credit when the French had an Empire and played hell with Europe and expected outsiders to wait upon their mood.

The world still has credit, because to get along we have to trust each other, but the Governments of the various units have no credit left, and I think the fact is that they have ceased to function except as post offices. We all know it, but it is a little difficult to formulate to ourselves. We don't live in countries any more. We live in towns, with the aid of banks and chambers of commerce and trade unions. We don't need Washington and Westminster and the Quai D'Orsay and the Kremlin, any more than we need kings' palaces and fortresses and armies and navies. They are not even decorative or satisfying to the social instinct.

You in America have a Capitol but you take far more pride in the Woolworth building and the Great White Way with its flood of light luring every boy and girl of your millions of boys and girls. Really I doubt if the world has ever been so happy and so hopeful or so expectant. Nobody listens to those whose trade is public utterance, and those who were swept to eminence upon the tide of war-hysteria have been thrown down upon a very rocky shore, and must be feeling very cold and small indeed. Bottomley is to appear at Bow Street in a few days on a charge of misappropriation, Hooley is also committed (again), the Dunlop Tyre people are out by eight million pounds sterling, the difference, as usual, between the war-money that they thought they had and the little real money they have been able to scrape together; and the position can be summed up in this fact that a promoter wanting two hundred thousand pounds has to ask for two million by way of allowing for his margin, which is created by the imaginary necessity for maintaining the bankrupt Governments which we could so easily do without.

The way out? One can only hint. I often think and know and sometimes speak in involuntary flashes of conviction and a little while ago in Chicago, I said: "This place is going to blow up New York," and following the thread then seized, I was convinced on returning to Manhattan (my happiest hunting-ground where I am like the poor Indian whose untutored mind sees God in streets and hears him on Broadway), that New York, pressed from behind by Chicago would have to blow up Washington. So it will be here. Manchester to get at India will have to squeeze London, which will have to blow Westminster out of existence or into a new form. Thought, you know, is action. Once a living thought starts moving in the world it controls and directs all other activities and even the millions who can not understand it learn to know something about it pragmatically by discovering that their old ways no longer work and that they must find new.

A wise old man in New York said to me, shortly before I sailed: "I don't know what you young men have been doing to the world, but my wife and I have been getting on quite decently of late." The thought that is action has been very busy all last year letting out the bottom of swindle after swindle, all of which succeed owing to the somnolence of the spirit, that goes to sleep now and then out of boredom with human dishonesty. How men and women do love to be swindled! How nicely they take it when they find it out and learn that while they have been gaping their money has gone until there is no bread in the house. Cheerfully, then, they set to work, and blithely then the spirit awakes and moves in all their lives, all their sorrows and their joys. But how the spirit loathes rhetorical appeals, the beginning, however innocent, of some new colossal swindle. And how alive the spirit is now as the people emerge from stupefaction and in cheerful confidence face their ruin.

Your ordinary human being very naturally likes to do what others are doing. If they work he will work. If they walk about the streets he will walk about the streets. He sees nothing for himself, not even his wife. Her he sees as she wants him to see her. They quarrel when his habitual view of her is upset. He is continually staggered by the obvious and as for that beauty to which the imagination flies with an arrow of swiftness, to send shock after shock of knowledge thrilling through the mind that is its home, he knows nothing of it except in the slow massive imagination of his innumerable kind. When that is kindled and infused with knowledge it is firm and tenacious of it for generations until slowly by the long miracle of the day's work, day by day, day by day, that knowledge is built into form. So it is now. Deeply full of this knowledge the people everywhere are engaged upon a repudiation so gentle that it does not even amount to an act. Checks drawn upon their credulity are returned. That is all, and it is enough. Sooner or later in this world, in this great and mysterious business upon which we are all engaged, the most consummate and skilful hypocrite will have to get down to work with his brain or with his hands or

with his talents or, at lowest, if he have nothing else, with his senses.

I was a little in despair about this slow London of mine, the lazy creature of moods, until last Sunday when I motored down to the sea, or to that dismal ditch of a Channel which we call the sea, and the miserable, dead, wintry sogginess of the English country appalled me, so sour, so rank was the earth, so listless and cramped were the people, but on returning late at night to London as I passed from the formless night of nature to the glittering spangled mystery, electric and taut with the human spirit, that we men and women have made of night in the towns, I sprang, as it were, to myself, and laughed with confidence and glee, for we have made something of life after all, something that even we, the most mischievous and destructive animals in the world, can not destroy. It is a power, it is a spirit, it is a thought in action that cleaves to the bowels of a man and claims him for its service. For generations we have dreaded it and fought against it, but we can fight against it no more for we know now in our ruin that it is good.

GILBERT CANNAN.

## POETRY.

### TO A CHINESE SCHOLAR.

(*Dr. Kiang Kang-hu*)

At last I have come to the Lake of which you told me,  
Where emperors chose to rest and carve their names,  
Scholars to meditate and dream of heaven  
Long centuries ago and poets of T'ang,  
Because their hearts were hurt with loveliness  
In writing of it, wet their ink with tears.  
I have come without you, wise and simple friend;  
But I can not see, of all the temple-gates  
And climbing gardens and pagoda-hills,  
One gate, one garden, one ascent or height,  
And lose the grace of your companionship.  
For, on these bridges arching towards the past,  
Your footsteps followed beauty to the hills;  
Then you came back again, to your neighbours' door,  
With the characters of heaven in your hand.

WITTER BYNNER.

### SPRING SONG.

(*After Isaiah.*)

#### I

Who is this that cometh with dyed garments, leaving gleams  
Of purple on the hills and in the streams'  
Deep chalices?  
This that is glorious in apparel, weaving dreams  
Of far kings' palaces?

Go, set a watchman; let him now declare  
Who rideth on the air!

#### II

There grew a murmur when the night was late.  
O you who are the Lord's remembrancers  
And stand upon the gate,  
What banner stirs?  
Who has considered now the ancient days,  
And come upon our darkened ways  
With glint of gold inlaid by great  
Artificers?

What mighty restoration hath  
Set these fair colours on the barren path?

#### III

Now get you up into the mountain, you that bring  
Good tidings; lift your voice and sing,  
You that have seen  
His arm revealed  
By every hill and field,  
Whose planting this hath been.  
Sing! for acceptable the year returneth,  
And His salvation as a lamp that burneth  
Makes the waste places plain.  
Sing! for again,  
By trees regenerate and on hallowed grass,  
The ransomed of the Lord shall pass.

ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW.

## MISCELLANY.

DURING the past few weeks I have heard considerable discussion of Mr. Boardman Robinson's exhibition of drawings at the Whitney Studio Club. The merit of his work rarely came in question; for it seems to be pretty generally agreed that none of our other cartoonists can be ranked with the artist whose pictorial comment on personages and events at the Washington conference stirred up so much enthusiasm or resentment. Some observers found differences to thresh out in the subject-matter of the drawings: had M. Lenin really mated his opponents at the international chessboard; and was it likely that repressive legislation had overfilled the nether regions with Americans making a last desperate search for a better world? But what impressed me most in these conversations, and what seemed to me a fine tribute to Mr. Robinson's art was the difference of opinion concerning the source of his powerful effects. Did they arise from the quality of his draftsmanship or were they the result of hard thinking on matters of life and character?

CAUGHT by the interest of the theme, I have been trying to offer an answer of my own. It seems to me that the power behind the draftsman's supple and rapid line, controlling his use—or avoidance—of contrasting black and white, is his faculty for stating his idea with just such a mingling of clarity and moderation as to let the observer feel that he himself is choosing the salient characteristics of the man or scene depicted. Here is Lloyd George: we see the strong and the devious things in his make-up; the picture is humorous—and haunting withal—yet it is removed by only a hair's breadth, apparently, from the familiar photographs of the man. There is, indeed, a subtle artistry in this stressing of certain lines just enough to make the character so unmistakable.

IN these pictures there is none of that reliance on the obvious and conventional symbols which oppresses one in the work of the mere caricaturist: fat bellies, side-whiskers, manly jaws and the like. Boardman Robinson's people startle us by being so familiar; and it is only after we recover from our surprise at seeing them on paper that we realize that the artist has laid bare their secrets. Take that senator who is unable, as we read under the drawing, to say just what economics is, but knows it is something that plays the deuce with politics; we study his face and search our memories as we ask ourselves to which of our Conscript Fathers those heavy features belong. Gradually we perceive that this is merely an illusion of portraiture produced by the drawing, because, without overstepping the modesty of nature, it has isolated for our consideration just those traits that distinguish a type which we know only too well. One further example, of a sort more translatable into words, will perhaps illustrate my point for those who are unacquainted with Mr. Robinson's work. Could anything be clearer or more urbane, more nearly typical and yet further removed from caricature than that scene of the bourgeois family spending a day in the country? The drawing so accurately describes them that one's knowledge of them is only confirmed by the significant words which the picture illustrates: "Oh look, mamma, at the poor little bird without any cage!"

Now that the European voyage is looming before so many of us, and the economic factor in transportation is becoming oppressive, I hear a good many debates on steerage-travel—its endurableness and its unendurableness. For my part, I like to travel steerage on the English or the American liners—there is an adventure and an interest in the people that one meets on the great deck. There is but one thing that is repellant to me in it all—that is, the mass-feeding. One eats with hundreds the food that has been cooked for thousands; one has to file in with a hundred or a hundred and fifty to breakfast, dinner, and supper. It is enough to take all taste out of the food.

As for the interest that I have spoken of—the interest of meeting men and women who are not parlour-types—it is an interest that one finds on the ships coming to America rather than on the ships going to Europe. To travel with the European immigrants to America is indeed a valuable experience. I made such a trip on one of the White Star liners in the early days of the world-war. The first thing I realized was that a liner is not like a city, as I had been told. It is, for us who are with the third-class passengers, a promenade, a camp, and a compound, all strung together. There were three thousand people aboard, but the mere words can give no idea of their density. As one pushed along corridors or moved in or out of dining-rooms one was made to feel like a bee in an unfamiliar hive. Will or nill, we belonged to a community. One evening, at set of sun, a flock of us coming from feeding, spread out over the lower deck, settled down on hatchments, hopped up on chairs and boxes, and fluttered up ladders to a higher deck. We were rooks in a most populous rookery.

BUT who would stay with second-class passengers when the third-class decks showed such varied life? Here Negroes are throwing dice: forgetful of their Aryan accomplishment they moan out the syllables of the forest, "Ah, ah, ah,"—as they follow the throw. A turbaned East Indian, undistracted, reads a Persian book, and an Armenian speaks of prices in Damascus. A tall Scandinavian watches the sea with the eyes of a Viking; while a bald-headed mulatto postures for a spectacular boxing-match, and groups of Irish dance to the music of a fiddle. Forward on the ship, I remember, there was another third-class deck called the "Macedonian Deck"; not because it had any resemblance to the hold in which Alexander's men were transported, but because multitudes of South-eastern European refugees were given that deck for quarters after the Balkan wars of a year or two before. Compared with the other third-class quarters there was something unsocial in the bare boards of that deck; bare boards crossed by iron pieces. Men stood solitary there, like captives or hostages, beside iron pillars, or they moved about as though they were in a wide cage. One was not surprised to hear the barking of animals in this sparsely-inhabited hemisphere. A pack of poodles were being fed with oranges on this bare deck. They looked fantastical.

BUT it was from here that I liked to watch the night come—on this deck, away from the promenade, the camp, and the compound. The solitary figures moving on the bare deck become like shadows. Then, feeling the loneliness of their quarter, they leave for more inhabited parts. Now the liner seems like some unexplained structure in an early romance of H. G. Wells. She moves as a ship, but what we have been taught to look for on a ship—a captain and sailors—are nowhere present. There are masses of iron on the deck, but we think of them merely as survivals, things that have ceased to be organic, like the arms of a whale. But ceaselessly, imperturbably, the vessel travels on. Far up on a mast hangs a little lamp. One can not believe in this light as a utility. It hangs like a lamp in a cathedral, a symbolic and religious light. Those who walk the lower decks after bedtime will have little sense of a population of three thousand people. That expanse of water, so vast and so dense, furrowed by the flowing river that follows the ship, restores us to a planetary sense. We are climbing across a planet with a moon as an index of a wider expanse.

WE had an interpreter on board, one who was supposed to be able to converse in all the tongues. He had another function besides interpreting—he was propriety-remembrancer in chief. At ten o'clock he would begin his appeal to the youths and maidens who wanted to go on with dancing and courting—they were mainly the Irish. "Now, bonny lassies!" He would then segregate the young women and induce them to go below. He was a Frenchman and he had adventured into many places, but he took his job of segregating the sexes as seriously as if he had lived all his life on Main Street.

ONE day we notice that a massive cable is being wound out of the depths of the ship. New York is near. We are left to watch its lights. One of the Irish boys murmurs as he watches, "It is like Heaven"; and indeed the disembodied, looking towards the bar of a further world, might see nothing more strange than those banks of light over the dark depths of water. The pilot has come aboard. An oil-lamp is lowered, and amid some eager applause the pilot with his hand-bag comes up on the ship. In the lowering of that obsolete oil-lamp, in the eager welcome to the pilot, there is something of ancient ceremony. There is an unforgettable thrill about entering New York in the early light. The great ship moves along the docks, past high stages filled with watchers. Man after man, woman after woman, spies out a friend on the ship and makes gestures of welcome. There is always the man who stands intent and rigid, searching every yard of the nearing ship. No movement around can make him change his position. Intent, leaning forward with a gaunt face, he searches, searches for somebody of whom he despairs. The ship comes nearer and goes past him and no sign of recognition has moved his clenched hands and bloodless face. The gangway is pushed across. Very soberly we descend upon American territory.

JOURNEYMAN.

## THE THEATRE.

### "THE HAIRY APE."

THE director of the Odéon in Paris has asked the Drama League of America to select an American play for production at his theatre. The selection has not yet been made, but the League could not do better than to recommend Eugene O'Neill's latest drama, "The Hairy Ape," which is now being exhibited by the Provincetown Players in their dingy little playhouse on Macdougall Street. "The Hairy Ape" is without question not only the most interesting American play of this season, but the most striking play of many seasons. It belongs, furthermore, to the future rather than the past; it is forward-facing, suggestive, untraditional. One's only fear is that it might prove too strong meat for Paris, where the drama still lingers in the bonds of traditionalism.

"The Hairy Ape" is written in eight short, abrupt scenes, and might almost be called an expressionistic tragi-comedy of modern industrial unrest. The hero, if so conventional a word can be applied to the leading figure of this play, is a mighty stoker called "Yank," and we see him first, stripped to the waist, with the rest of his half-naked shift, in their fo'c'sle bunk-room. He can outcurse, outfight, outfeel them all, and he is proud of his powers, proud of his job as stoker at the heart of the ship, glories to think that he is steel and coal and motion. "Twenty-five knots an hour!—that's me!" We next see the ultra-sophisticated daughter of the owner of the liner, lolling on the deck and pinning for the sensation of going down into the stoke-hole to see how the other half lives. Another change; the curtains part, and out of the darkness gleam the rims of the boiler-doors. A bell clangs, the doors swing open, a terrific red glare leaps out at the audience, and Yank and his mates heave in the coal. The bell clangs again, too soon, and Yank is cursing the engineer with terrific violence, when he turns to see the girl beside him. She almost faints at the sight of him, cries out that he is a beast, and is dragged away, as he hurls his shovel after her with a horrid oath. Another change; we are back in the fo'c'sle to see Yank completely upset by the incident, brooding over the depths of social difference revealed to him, burning with hatred, rage, revenge. He is no longer steel, coal, speed, because he no longer is sure of himself. To

make sure of himself, he is going forth on a mission of revenge.

We see him next on Fifth Avenue. The passers-by are strange, unreal automata, wearing masks all alike. He makes no more impression on them than if they were dreams; all that happens is that a policeman beats him up and arrests him. Then we see him in a cell on the Island. Out of the darkness come the snarls and oaths and horrid howls of other prisoners. One prisoner reads from the *New York Times* an attack on the I. W. W., as a menace to civilization. The Hairy Ape resolves to join the Wobblies. When we next observe him, he is trying to join, that he, too, may plant dynamite beneath the steel-magnate's home. But the Wobblies throw him out as an *agent-provocateur*. Finally, in his puzzled despair, he reaches the gorilla's cage in the Zoo. Ah! a brother, the real hairy ape! He lets the gorilla loose, to go with him on a pilgrimage of destruction. But the gorilla silently seizes him in a deadly embrace and tosses him into the cage, where he dies behind the bars.

Such, in brief, is the story; and there is really no more to it than that—eight flashes of scene which burn on the brain of the beholder the picture of a naked soul in torment, using realistic symbols or fantastic ones, according as each may best serve the purpose. This, certainly, is not drama as we have known it; it is neither drama of realism nor of poetic suggestion. It is something new, something strange (though previsions in "Liliom") and something so profoundly theatrical that it can not be expressed or even intimated in a printed text. The text, to be sure, could give a suggestion of Mr. O'Neill's strange power over language, his ability to make a stream of foul oaths and stoker's slang and imprecations roll in a kind of wild organ-music; but it would only confuse one, perhaps, regarding the "meaning" of the play, simply because it would send one looking for a meaning, as printed words always do, when, in that intellectual sense, the play has no meaning at all. The puzzled critics who have decided that Mr. O'Neill is preaching class-consciousness and red revolution, and the equally puzzled critics who have decided that he is illustrating how brute force defeats itself, are alike beside the mark; or, perhaps, they are both quite right—what of it? Here is a soul profoundly shaken in respect of its fundamental faith in itself, and swirled into contest with forces beyond its ken. How can that abstract struggle be given a concrete, visual, theatrical shape? To this question "The Hairy Ape" as it appears on the stage, is the answer.

Greatly aided by the stage-designs and lighting by Messrs. Cleon Throckmorton and Robert Edmond Jones (indeed, impotent without them), Mr. O'Neill has been able to use the harshest realism as a spring-board into startling imaginative effects. When the Hairy Ape's soul has been stung with doubt and hatred, the loud laughter of his mates suddenly becomes rhythmic, like the fearful tattoo of a drum. When the boiler-doors are open, six red, searing searchlight-glances strike into the eyeballs of the audience like flashes from the Inferno. Amid the masked manikins on Fifth Avenue, the Hairy Ape moves as in a dream, in worlds unrealized. Most marvellous is the scene in jail. Only Yank's cell-door shows in a beam of pallid light; the rest is darkness. But out of the dark comes the husky voice of the prisoner quoting from the *New York Times*, and then rises a score of other voices, howling, jeering, cursing, groaning—the terrific strophe of the caged. The last scene shows the gigantic form of the gorilla behind his bars, dimly silhouetted against

a window just flushed with dawn. He rises up; one lurching stride and he is out; one crushing embrace, a strangled cry, and Yank is done for; which would be sheer horror and nothing more, if Yank were a realistic character, but which actually is the last theatric symbol which carries to the mind, through ear and eye, the tragedy not of a person, but of a state of soul.

There will be those, no doubt, who will be revolted at Mr. O'Neill's choice of subject for his expressionistic treatment. That he takes a soul from out the lowest bowels of a plunging liner, out of grime and heat and sweat and ignorance, out of an atmosphere of foul oaths and obscenity, will offend the delicate, the squeamish, and certainly the pious. Mr. O'Neill's language smites as swiftly as the red glare from the boiler-doors. Yet it is somehow tonic in its stark sincerity, and though it may quite truly play no small part in the startling quality of the play, the quality which brings you up in your seat like a slap in the face, it also is curiously devoid of mean suggestion, rousing instead, a profound pity in all spectators who have imagination enough to grasp the significance of the drama.

Certainly, never on our stage has such use been made of the rank realism of vulgar speech, a use beside which such attempts at poetry as John Weaver's "In American" become trivial pipings. We may say also quite as certainly, I think, no such fusion of dialogue and scenery, of the intellectual, the emotional, the spiritual, and the pictorial, into a single thing which is only to be described by the word *theatrical*, has ever before been accomplished by an American playwright. One may call "The Hairy Ape" bizarre; one may call it tragic, or ironic, or gloomy, or terrible, or puzzling, or morbid, or sordid, or beautiful, or moving, or whatever else one's views and tendencies dictate; but one can not get away from it. Once in its grip, one's attention is as helpless to wander as was Yank to escape from the gorilla. In Eugene O'Neill the new art of the theatre in America has found the new playwright at last. To see "The Hairy Ape" is to see the bright promise of what is to come, not the pale reflection of what has been.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

(Another estimate of the work of Mr. Eugene O'Neill will be published next week.)

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

### ENDOWING THE THEATRE.

SIRS: Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton, writing on "The Economics of Broadway," in the *Freeman* of 5 April, mentions the need in New York of a "Theatre Guild" with a theatre of its own and funds that would allow the producer to go the limit. Mr. Kenneth MacGowan, in "Letters to a Benevolent Millionaire," which appeared in the *New York Globe*, has many suggestions concerning what this undiscovered individual might do to make the art of the theatre flourish. Mr. Eaton and Mr. MacGowan, in company with many others who have recently been writing on the need of an endowed theatre, fail to mention the need of an endowed theatre with seats at a price low enough to admit all. It is true that the artist, i. e., the stage-designer and others who assist in the production, plays a leading part in the future of the theatre; but the public also plays, in the development of any art, an important part that can not be overlooked. In fact, the theatre will reach its highest form only when it becomes democratic, for certainly we can not expect the drama, the most democratic of the arts, to thrive to its best advantage through a medium as exclusive as is the American theatre of to-day in general and the New York theatre in particular.

There are in several European countries, democratic theatres supported by the community or the government, which give the public an opportunity to see the best plays, beautifully produced, for half the price of admission to our Broadway moving-

picture theatres. New York has no such theatre, and America has so few in proportion to what might be expected that one may truthfully say that America has no democratic theatre.

Followers of music in America have the free concert and the specially-priced musical performance. Those interested in art have the museums. Those who wish to read have the many public libraries at their disposal. The theatre alone remains exclusive; a condition that has not always existed, for the "commercial theatre," in its present extreme form, was unknown in the early days of the American theatre, and was an institution not dreamed of even in recent years.

If Mr. MacGowan can imagine a benevolent millionaire furnishing the artists of the theatre with such unlimited capital, why can he not imagine this man's unlimited funds also providing a theatre with an admission-charge within the means of all? If Mr. Eaton can imagine subscribers furnishing an insoluble fund to such an organization as the "Theatre Guild," why can he not imagine the "Theatre Guild" going still further and making its offerings democratic? The generosity of the public and the individual will greatly increase when they realize that the endowment is in their own interests, a point which may explain the existence of public museums, libraries, etc. in the absence of an endowed theatre. I am etc.,

New York City.

JOHN ADRIANCE HARVEY.

### A CORRECTION.

SIRS: In his "French Canada: An Anomaly," Mr. Aaron Schaffer shows a vision far from myopic; his description of Montreal, for example, is quite comparable to Butler's. Nevertheless, his article is in places misleading.

On of his sentences begins: "Education in Canada being exclusively a function of the Church . . ." This is a lamentably incorrect assumption. Doubtless Mr. Schaffer's interest in survivals of the past has diverted his attention from the facts, for not even in French Canada are conditions as mediæval as these words would imply. Another statement susceptible of modification is that the attitude of the English-speaking citizens of Quebec towards those who speak French is that of a dominant towards a subject race. It would be nearer the truth to say that the feeling of a second-generation English-speaking native towards a fourth- or fifth-generation French-speaking native is merely one of regret that the latter should show a reluctance to change his language or in other ways to become a fully assimilated Canadian. However, the Anglo-Saxon minority in the Province has never attempted to "Canadianize" the Gallic majority, and the two races preserve harmony to a degree that should interest the student of anthropology or internationalism. I am, etc.,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

L. B. N. GNAEDINGER.

### "AMERIND" AND "UNISTAT."

SIRS: May I call the attention of your readers to a subject which, it seems to me, will be of interest to some of them? Mary Austin, who has done such important work as a literary pioneer of the South-west, and who is especially interested in the matter of Indian influence upon American artists and poets (by influence I mean something deeper than the mere surface-copying of "types") is offering, through the Poetry Society of America, a prize for a poem in English based upon an authentic "Amerind" original. I do not know who originated this term (Mrs. Austin, I fancy, had something to do with Mr. Wells's use of it in his "Outline of History"); but with all due respect to Mrs. Austin, I should like to protest against its use in connexion with Indian poetry.

"Amerind" is a laboratory word—a synthetic trade-name like "aspirin"—and has no living significance. Why, then, inject it into our supposedly living speech and poetry? One may contend that "aspirin" has become a part of our speech, and so, too, has "H<sub>2</sub>O"; but such terms remain cold and scientific; they have nothing to do with the plastic medium of poetry. I maintain, moreover, that "Amerind" is a poor, anæmic-sounding word, and until some better, coppery, bronze substitute for "American Indian" be found—some word that could be accepted with the immediacy of a vital piece of slang—I must confess that I much prefer the old term "Indian" or even the full title.

If the word "Indian" is misleading, so, too, is the word "American" as we apply it to ourselves. If we adopt "Amerind," we should, in order to be logical, have to insist on Mr. John V. A. Weaver's saying that he writes not "In American," but in "Unistat."

Whenever I see the word "Amerind," I fancy myself going out to Tesuque or San Ildefonso, and trying it on my Tewa friends in those pueblos; or, perhaps, on some of my cowboy

friends. They would no doubt think it was a new brand of laundry-soap.

Tribes and peoples are seldom responsible for, and usually have nothing to say about, the names pinned on them; but when names have become accepted through current use, they become living words—the words of poetry. I do not believe that the term “Amerind” would ever gain current usage, would ever become a part of our living speech, though it might, and indeed may already, have a certain “literary” vogue. To apply it, therefore, to the living body of American Indian poetry is to give that poetry the effect of a dead language, which it is not, being quite as contemporaneous (in the South-west, at least) as our own “new poetry.” Let us keep the word “Indian,” which has served us well for three hundred years, and when further distinction is necessary, let us use those beautiful old tribal names which, as Whitman said, “roll with a venison richness upon the tongue.” I am, etc.,

*Sante Fé, New Mexico.*

ALICE CORBIN HENDERSON.

#### A PRINCIPLE OF PROSODY.

SIRS: Although Mr. Russell and Miss Monroe—writing in your issues of 29 March and 12 April on a subject which I started—are both disciples of Lanier, they do not seem able to effect a meeting of minds on the basis of his theories. May I suggest that both writers are very far away from scientific prosody when they cling to Lanier's doctrines, and also that Miss Monroe is mistaken in thinking that present-day prosody is, in the main, an “unscientific, inherited” one. Our inherited prosody did tell us—to go back to my original difference with Miss Monroe—that a blank-verse line consisted of five feet, each of which was normally an iamb, that is to say, a short syllable followed by a long one, or an unaccented syllable followed by an accented one (which we were told were equivalent). All that Lanier did was to amend this by saying that a line of blank verse consisted of five bars, each bar consisting of a syllable equal in duration to an eighth note, followed by one equal in duration to a quarter note (the durations being relative, of course, as in music). He further stated that when we accented a syllable we doubled its time-value.

In making these statements—and he was quite unscientific, for he did not first measure his durations on the phonograph as Miss Monroe would have us do—he committed two fatal errors. In the first place, we do not necessarily double the time of a syllable when we accent it. The accented syllable in “scientific” is a short one, the “sci” is a long syllable but is not accented. There are hundreds of similar instances.

Lanier's doctrine was valid in that he recognized that verse was constituted by imposing upon language a scheme of beats separated by equal intervals; but he made his second error in the manner in which he filled in the time-intervals. Like the older prosodists he thought the line was filled by syllables, whereas it is really filled by syllables plus silences, and, when we count in the silences in blank verse, we find that its time is duple—normally two quarter notes to the bar—and not triple.

Here, for instance, is a line from Shakespeare's seventy-first sonnet, which Miss Monroe scans in her article on prosody. (It was from this article that I originally quoted; and in doing so, Miss Monroe says, I misrepresented her.) It reads:

Lest the wise world should look into your moan.

Miss Monroe, in her effort to scan it on the Lanier plan, that is, to squeeze it into three-eighth time, puts eighth and quarter notes over each syllable, and her note over “wise” is only half the time-value of that over “world.” But surely a natural reading of the line gives us equal duration for each word—in other words, the foot “wise world” is spondaic. And Mr. T. S. Omond, in his book, “A Study of Metre”—which I commend to both these disputants—shows conclusively that the basis of iambic pentameter is duple. If it were not, how could such a line as Milton's:

Rocks, caves / lakes, fens, / bogs, dens / and shades / of death

fit into a context which may contain such apparent iambs as:

And I / shall short/ly be / with them / that rest . . .

The answer is that, in the first line, each period or foot is completely filled by sound; in the second, there is a pause in each foot—which may be rendered either as a rest or by pausing on a syllable and prolonging its sound. Mr. Omond clinches the matter, and shows, by the following beautiful demonstration, that scansion is by the period and not by syllable-counting:

The sun, the moon, the stars, the hills, the seas . . .

This line is iambic pentameter and therefore, according

to Lanier, in three-eighth time. Suppose we add to it this phrase, “and the plains.” It now reads:

The sun, the moon, the stars, the hills, the seas, and the plains.”

But this line certainly does not read in the same time as the first. Why? Because, seeing the line as a whole before we start reading, we instinctively read it to a different time-measure: we now read it in three-eighth time, eliminating the pauses which, in the first line, occurred where the commas happen to be (although it is rare that these small pauses are reinforced by the grammatical pauses). We do, it is true, make a caesura after “stars,” but that is to balance the rather long line; and each of our two syllable-periods, such as “the sun,” is read in the same time as the three-syllable period “and the plains.” The line is, as a matter of fact, taken from Tennyson's “The Higher Pantheism” in which three-syllable feet predominate throughout.

I could give instance after instance of lines murdered by the attempt to make three-eighth time out of them when they are really in duple time. But it would be better, perhaps, simply to refer interested readers to Mr. T. S. Omond's book referred to above (published by the de la More Press in London) and to his “English Metrists” (Oxford University Press: American Branch) the only complete history of English prosodial theory (Saintsbury's is simply a conspectus of practice) in which Lanier is given his due place—which is honourable enough without claiming infallibility for him. I am, etc.,

*Chicago, Illinois.*

LLEWELLYN JONES.

#### BOOKS.

##### CERTIFICATED, MOSTLY.

READERS of *Borrow* will remember Mrs. Chikno in “The Romany Rye.” “Is that young female your wife?” said Mrs. Chikno. “My wife?” said I. “Yes, young man, your wife, your lawful certificated wife?” “No,” said I. “Then I will not visit with her,” said Mrs. Chikno. “I countenance nothing in the roving line.” “What do you mean by the roving line?” I demanded. “Why, I mean such conduct as is not tatcheno. When ryes and rawnies live together in dingles, without being certificated, I call such behaviour being tolerably deep in the roving line, everything savouring of which I am determined not to sanctify. I have suffered too much from my own certificated husband's outbreaks in that line to afford anything of the kind the slightest shadow of countenance.”

The heroines of so many recent novels have been so “deep in the roving line” that anybody of Mrs. Chikno's mind can take heart and encouragement from “The Beautiful and Damned” by Mr. Scott Fitzgerald, and “The Briary Bush” by Mr. Floyd Dell. The heroines are the lawful certificated wives of the heroes, and even though, in Mr. Fitzgerald's book, the heroine's certificated husband indulges in an “outbreak” whilst in the uniform of his country during the war, the “roving line” is, nevertheless, not countenanced in either book. On the other hand, for such as are not of Mrs. Chikno's way of thinking, there is Mr. Waldo Frank's “Rahab,” where all the ladies are much deeper in “the roving line,” than Mrs. Chikno's limited imagination was capable of conceiving.

Of these three books, “The Briary Bush” is easily the least important, although it has been seriously reviewed by publications which would, doubtless, throw “The Beautiful and Damned” into the waste-paper basket, and to which “Rahab” would be only a subject for light mockery. There is no point of comparison between these last two books, except that, in both, the American novel has taken some sort of stride forward; though, in one case, it may be only into the dark, and, in the other, towards a cul-de-sac. The author of

<sup>1</sup> “The Beautiful and Damned.” Scott Fitzgerald. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

<sup>2</sup> “The Briary Bush.” Floyd Dell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

<sup>3</sup> “Rahab.” Waldo Frank. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$2.00.

"Rahab" seems at times to be trembling on the verge of a discovery; at any rate, there is about him sufficient of the marks and tokens of a discoverer to make him interesting. In Mr. Fitzgerald's book, the American novel has attained quite a notable expression of the highly intelligent commonplace. This really means that Europeans can not much longer, with ease, look down on the *gaucherie* or unsophisticatedness of America; for when a country begins to produce its own brand of the highly intelligent commonplace, the death-warrant of the *gauche*, the naïve, the wild and the woolly is at hand. For example, the incident of the hopeful, dreamy, embryo genius of Mr. Dell's book, who finds himself acceptable to the brilliant and intellectual editor because of their common understanding and appreciation of Mr. Wells, is not likely to happen again in a novel. Says Mr. Dell of the meeting between the above-mentioned genius and the intellectual editor, and of their common devotion to that work of Mr. Wells called "First and Last Things": "So it was, once upon a time, when two men met who had both read an obscure book of poems about wine and death by one Edward Fitzgerald."

Mr. Scott Fitzgerald could never do that—could never utter the names of Mr. H. G. Wells and Edward Fitzgerald in the same breath: none of his young heroes could ever come up to seek his fortune in Chicago armed with one treasured book, that book being a Wells—at least he could not do it with the approval of the author. Mr. Fitzgerald's heroes would probably bring a Swinburne, and the poems that they would know by heart would be "The Hounds of Spring" and "Dolores." They would, perhaps, be a little more commonplace than Mr. Dell's young hero, but how intelligent they would be, and how well they would compare with young gentlemen of the same denomination in other countries! This is one of Mr. Fitzgerald's real merits; his chief merit, however, is that with him there has stepped into the ranks of the young novelists a satirist; so rare an apparition in this—indeed, in any—country, that he ought to be rocked and dandled and nursed into maturity, or given any treatment whatever that will ensure his free development. He uses his weapon so stumblingly yet that it is hard to know how strong or how finely-tempered it may be. For instance, when he causes his hero to be called "Anthony Comstock Patch" at the request of a reforming, uplifting grandfather, he is indulging in a sort of buffoonery that is not above the level of the popularly called satire of the afternoon columnists: if Thackeray had so dealt with one of his characters, he would have made it seem as if the gods from all time had decided upon this piece of mockery. Again, when he satirizes the hypocrisies of people during the war, he is simply flogging a dead horse, besides taking up what is now a popular occupation. A genuine satirist would never berate unpopular things; and, of all unpopular things, war-behaviour is now the most unpopular.

The story of this book deals with the married life of two young people, of that class which in Europe is called the middle class, but which in America is nearly always called the upper. These two have grown up without any of the discipline which is the training for life invented by the aristocracy, or the prudent worldly-wisdom which is the substitute invented by the *petite bourgeoisie*: they are peculiarly the product of a commercial civilization. The book deals with a life in America which has had few serious interpreters, and Mr. Fitzgerald has done it with impressive ability. The story of these two young people and their life in various places, including their amazing existence in

that uncivilized form of shelter peculiar to New York, the two-room-and-bath apartment, is told with real conviction. They have no occupation and no responsibilities, and tragedy overtakes them—in so far as tragedy can overtake the tender-minded and the undisciplined; for tragedy, like happiness, is the privilege of the strong. Mr. Fitzgerald's character-drawing is, in the main, somewhat amateurish, and he uses his people indifferently to express opinions quite unrelated to their characters. A certain easy grasp of conventional technique is his, especially in showing the interplay of the characters on each others' lives. His best and most consistent piece of character-drawing is that of Bloeckman, whose evolution is indicated with great subtlety. A novelist, and particularly a novelist who is a satirist, has to be on the outside as well as on the inside of his characters, and Mr. Fitzgerald has not the faculty of standing away from his principal characters: with Bloeckman he has done this, and also with the gentleman who appears for a moment to teach salesmanship. Everything in this salesmanship episode is done excellently and the satirist's touch is revealed in all of it. "The Beautiful and Damned" is indeed an achievement for so young a writer. It is one which, however, would seem less striking in England where they have had the highly intelligent commonplace for so long, or in France where they are the greatest masters of the highly intelligent commonplace in the world. Mr. Fitzgerald is yet young enough to achieve the feat of stepping down from the peaks of his intelligence into that region where the great adventurers among the arts sought for "roots of relish sweet, and honey wild, and manna-dew"; though I must own that one does not find too many signs of it.

"Rahab" is at opposite poles of thought and experience: it is rarely commonplace, it is often unintelligent. Its characters give the illusion of people seen in an ether-dream, and they sometimes give the impression of having grown up or spent at least a part of their lives in a drain-pipe. The author seems at times to be deliberately trying to provoke Mr. Comstock's successor to suppress him; but undoubtedly his book is the most interesting experiment in form that has been produced in American narrative writing. In its content and in the presentation of the characters, the book frequently reaches such a pitch of hot-house sentimentalism and unreality as may possibly prevent its serious reception. Anything is permissible to a writer if he can create the appearance of reality. For instance, when Kipling tells us of the Butterfly That Stamped, I entirely believe him, but when Mr. Frank tells of the Jew, Leon, the holy man, who seduces Fanny for her soul's higher good, I do not believe him for an instant; instead I believe he has temporarily taken leave of a few of his seven senses, so unreal—nay, so positively gruesome—is the sentimental sensuality of this scene.

To return to the form of "Rahab": the story is flashed on us as it is presented to a young caller, a Jew, in the house of Fanny Luvé, the Rahab of this story. (In Jewish history Rahab was the mistress of a house of ill fame.) The story is not actually told to the caller, it is presented to him, in part, as if it were a moving picture. Like Mr. James Joyce and Miss Dorothy Richardson, Mr. Frank strives to make articulate the unexpressed and subconscious part of the mind. His method, however, is different from theirs, and it seems to me unfair that he should be accused of mere imitation. It must surely have occurred to many people at the same time that, as only three dimensions of the mind were being presented in narrative-writing, some

means might be discovered for presenting the fourth. Carlyle, in "The French Revolution" and in other writings, almost stumbled upon such a discovery. Miss Richardson and Mr. Joyce express the fourth dimension in broken sentences, jerkily jumping from one thing to another as the mind does when we take it only as "the stream of consciousness." These two writers do this realistically: Mr. Frank's method is not realistic. He is not a good psychologist, and that intuitive insight into the minds of his characters which is Mr. Joyce's, is not his. He heightens the unconscious and expresses it non-realistically, and generally in rhythmical language; his dialogue is also non-realistic, and often rhythmical. Like Miss Richardson and Mr. Joyce, he has broken up the sentence. There is no reason for prejudice against this accomplishment of these writers. As some one has pointed out, in all intimate expression the sentence is broken. Mr. Frank's rhythmical writing is often very trying, particularly when he attempts to reproduce the rhythm of the Bible. The reproduction of the rhythms of "The Song of Solomon" may be a way of getting a Semitic atmosphere, but it is a temptation that ought never to be yielded to: a miracle that should be left to Solomon and King James's translators.

If Mr. Frank's form gives an impression of power and originality, the way he handles his characters and his story shows that he has not the hard grip either on himself or on his material that is necessary in order to produce a good book. The outline of the story is given on the wrapper: it is briefly this: Fanny Luvé, the heroine, is first of all seduced—the reader will pardon the early Victorianism of my vocabulary—by a Southern gentleman, who then marries her, and returns to college, where he indulges "tolerably deep" in the "roving line." She is next seduced by a casual visitor for her higher comprehension of life and her elevation of spirit. There have been many forms of sexuality in literature, but this one is brand-new, and for want of a ready acquaintance with Freudian terminology, I might describe it as imperialistic eroticism—the lady's virtue, so to speak, being sacrificed for her good. When her husband returns reformed, he fails to understand what has been accomplished for her higher life, and turns her out of the house. She goes obediently, leaving her child, and sets out for New York. Here she makes the acquaintance of various ladies and gentlemen who are "deep in the roving line," and she finally settles down as the mistress of a house like Rahab's. She is raided by the agency of a police official, a frequenter of the house, and at the end of the story she and one of her girls are living in a flat together. Certainly a tale to flabbergast Mrs. Chikno! Still it has the material of a powerful book, but Mr. Frank treats it with an hysterical, exotic sentimentalism that is hard to endure. He always introduces his Jewish characters with a suggestion of symbolism, and with a propaganda-touch that is unfair to them.

After "Rahab" and "The Beautiful and Damned," Mr. Floyd Dell's "Briary Bush" is a very feeble performance. Since the scene is laid in Chicago, it can at once be surmised that it deals with newspaper-men. In addition, it deals with the married life of Rosanne and Felix Fay, and with the goings-on of various camp-followers of the arts such as are to be found in the Greenwich Villages of all great cities. They talk about not believing in marriage, about not being afraid of life, about the necessity of background for the artist, and about liking to live somewhere where ideas count for something. Felix Fay is the central character as he was in "Moon-Calf"—we have Felix the reporter,

Felix the dramatic critic, Felix the playwright, etc. There is nobody so boring in a book as a literary personage; and perhaps this is the reason why all accomplished writers from Shakespeare to Shaw introduce writers and rhymers as clowns or comic relief, and why Rousseau, in his Confessions, hardly alludes to the fact that he ever wrote a book.

Mr. George Moore once said of a certain city that what it really wanted for its painters was not an Art School nor an Academy, but a Café—where artists could thresh out their theories of art and learn something from one another. Now, if Mr. Fitzgerald, Mr. Frank, and Mr. Dell could have sat around a café-table every afternoon, each discussing his own art, they might have saved themselves and us a great deal in their books. Mr. Dell would then have discovered that one ought to have more excuse for launching four hundred and twenty-five pages of print than the fluffy idealism of Felix Fay and the hardly-disciplined thinking he has put into this book; and Mr. Frank and Mr. Fitzgerald would certainly have been enriched by a fruitful contempt for one another.

MARY M. COLUM.

#### A SPANISH-AMERICAN POET.

THE growing fame of José Asunción Silva (1865-1896) among the poets of Spanish America has been marked by the appearance of a new edition of his verses.<sup>1</sup> The book has been reset, and the additions comprise chiefly selections from Silva's series entitled "Gotas Amargas" (Bitter Drops) and a brief essay by the novelist Eduardo Zamacois. The original introduction by the Spanish professor Miguel de Unamuno, who is always stirring things up in the Iberian peninsula, remains as it was composed in 1908, so that Silva's suicide is represented as having occurred in his thirty-fifth year; Señor Zamacois is better informed, and his short contribution indicates with dry humour the spiritual ostracism that is still visited upon Silva's memory, a thing apart in his nation's mind, like his grave, which is in the suicides' cemetery. If no monument yet honours the poet in a continent where statues are so readily raised to military nonentities, we may be sure that Silva would not have cared. In one of the "Gotas Amargas" that is not printed in this edition, he presents an amusing sonnet satirizing the easily acquired notoriety of his fellow-bards and expressing the fear that some large daily newspaper will dedicate to him its Sunday supplement.

The drama of Silva's life was a complicated one. He was plainly a rare spirit who could not adapt himself to his milieu. The cards seem to have been stacked against him from the first. His paternal inheritance was consumed in a revolution; his beautiful sister Elvira died in the bloom of youth, leaving him desolate; a great part of his literary labours went to the bottom during the wreck of "L'Amérique" off the Colombian coast in the year 1895; he was a failure in commercial enterprises that he should never have entered. Above all, his essentially moody nature hovered between childhood and old age, unable to attain the equilibrium of the middle years. Love and life both brought him disillusionment.

There seems to be a question as to just what part Silva played in the recent renovation of Spanish-American poetry out of which emerged the universal figure of Rubén Darío. It is true, however, that at a time when Hugo still held the youth of the nation enthralled, Silva was talking of Verlaine, Mallarmé, Baudelaire, whose atmosphere he had imported from an early visit to Paris. He has had applied to him indeed, the very words that André Suarès has written of the author of "Les Fleurs du Mal," for he was, like Baudelaire, an epicure, a bibliophile, a dandy: "As a voluptuary, he was of those who nourish and caress their desires and, causing them to grow inordinately, not only lose the illusion of reality, but reject it. . . . He lived only upon imagination, and

<sup>1</sup> "Poesías," José Asunción Silva. Barcelona: Casa Editorial Maucci.

this used up his nerves and consumed his strength. In him, the flesh was cerebral."

I find it difficult to agree with Mr. Thomas Walsh, who has done so much through his translations and his "Hispanic Anthology" to make known the Spanish poets on both sides of the Atlantic, when he intimates that Silva was a Parnassian, and declares (*New York Times*, 24 July, 1921) that "a study of Silva's verses shows little to bear out the assumptions that many of his critics have made regarding biographical details and evidences to be drawn from some of his statements. . . . In such a poet, holding the view that the personal element in a work of art was something of an impertinence, it seems hardly fair to look for historical fact." Nor is Silva, as the same commentator would have it, "pure from the adulteration of . . . modern sophistication." What are the "bitter drops" but the concentrated essence of sophistication, often couched in indelicate terms, and exhaling a mocking cynicism for which Silva would be far better known had these verses been printed between covers before now? As it is, not all the "gotas amargas" are here given, nor are they always given in full; and if Silva ever believed that "the personal element in a work of art was something of an impertinence" (what an inartistic belief!), then he is here doubly impertinent. Indeed, it surprises me that some Colombian has not yet suggested the partial debt of that prince of caustic poets, Luis Carlos López, to this side of his distinguished countryman's labours.

Silva does not necessarily wear his heart upon his sleeve, but the spiritual man is in his poems if ever it was in any poet's. If Parnassianism means objectivity, impassivity, attention to line and image rather than to colour and music and vague suggestiveness, then Silva, regardless of an occasional poem, is decidedly not of that school. The man suffered from the "malady of the century"; compare his prose—which he wrote vividly—with his intense verse and the same potential suicide is found in them both; he was a sceptic, a cynic, afflicted with the "nostalgia of the infinite"—and all of this is plainly, unmistakably, deeply imbedded in his poetry. Most famous of all is the third of the "Nocturnes," associated in the minds of many with the death of his sister Elvira, whose memory has been stained, together with his, unjustly, by murmurs of incestuous passion. "Día de Defuntos," like the "Nocturne," experiments in metrical pulsation, and it does not shame Poe's "The Bells," which inspired it.

There are some who would elevate Silva to Dario's position. Had he lived, he might well have attained to such an eminence. As things stand, however, he lacks the breadth of the Nicaraguan, the easy command of many forms, the orchestral power, the rushing undercurrent that flowed through many lands and ages. Silva's successor, Guillermo Valencia, is of a different calibre. His Parnassianism is less questionable, and his eminence is not far below that of Silva. Such men as he, Flórez, Carlos López and a few new youngsters maintain in Colombia the distinction of a literature that is otherwise, unfortunately, obscured by political squabbles.

ISAAC GOLDBERG.

### WORK VERSUS HYSTERIA.

MANY years have passed since Charlotte Brontë discovered the problem of unemployment among women. In spite of their genius, the Brontë "girls" wrestled with the problem in much the same terms as their less gifted contemporaries.

Look at the numerous families of girls in this neighbourhood [said Shirley]. The brothers of these girls are every one in business or in professions. They have something to do. Their sisters have no earthly employment but household-work and sewing; no earthly pleasure but an unprofitable visiting; and no hope in all their lives to come of anything better. This stagnant state of things makes them decline in health. They are never well, and their minds and views shrink to wondrous narrowness.

Shirley might even have gone on to say that some of them actually die from sheer unemployment.

We know that Charlotte Brontë did not overdraw the miseries of genteel leisure. The Victorian lady of England and America was notorious for her frail physique and her uncertain health. That she was especially liable to hysteria is a matter of history. It was almost a plague in the upper classes. A fashionable American boarding school of the 'sixties once had to be closed because this mysterious disease became an epidemic. In the health department of "Godey's Lady's Book," its symptoms were described and remedies suggested. "Snuff, coffee, strong tea, and alcoholic drinks should be prohibited as a general rule," the physician advised. Travel was highly recommended, as a sea-voyage, a long journey, or a residence abroad had been known to exert a beneficent influence on the nervous system. The ailment could grow serious. "Instances are on record where ladies in this condition have taken their lives in their own hands and put an end to their existence as a relief from their miserable condition."

Surely this dark possibility would seem to justify the most desperate remedies. Yet "Godey's Lady's Book" did not once suggest that a profession or a trade might have a therapeutic value. A lady who had enough will-power to give up snuff or enough energy to take a long journey might presumably have enough stamina to take up some useful employment. Not feebleness but taboo prevented her; she sacrificed a good life to maintain her cherished status. That her emancipation from work was a kind of imprisonment was not apparent to the clientele of Godey's, although it was vividly clear to Charlotte and Emily Brontë.

However, it was stiff work in those days to invent a career. Nowadays, the prevention of hysteria is more practicable. A recently published study of "Women Professional Workers"<sup>1</sup> shows that lack of opportunity can no longer be pleaded as an excuse for idleness. The exploitation of the educated woman during the war gave her a professional foothold in this country which she was not again to lose. In America she was not "let out" by the wholesale, as in Europe, to make way for the returning warrior. But the warmth of her welcome has abated. The author of this book, who was assistant-chief in the professional division of the Government employment-service, testifies that there has been "considerable reaction from the professional hospitalities extended during the war." The professional atmosphere has cooled off to the normal temperature of the masculine cold shoulder. Granting this relapse, the economic future still looks rosy for any college graduate born since 1885. As for those ambitious infants who nowadays are registered for Vassar, Smith, and so forth, as soon as they are born, one almost fears that no vocational worlds will be left for them to conquer. Miss Adams's survey shows that already no educated woman need pine in vain for economic independence. The daughter in the home can not truthfully complain, like Shirley, that she has no other choice. A host of employers invites her and the Government is eager for her income-tax.

Now and then one sees a gaudy billboard flinging out the question: "Why do girls leave home?" as if the answer still had dramatic interest. The prosaic reply is that it is desirable and moral for them to do so, if they can afford it. The factory-girl can not, because the family needs her wages and she needs theirs. "United we stand, divided we fall," is the only economic salvation of families below a certain income-level. High-school teachers usually leave home because they are better paid than grade-school teachers, who usually do not. There are many workers listed in Miss Adams's book whom they might well emulate. There are professions for which women not only leave home but travel widely and command a generous expense-account. Their careers are based on a freedom of movement of which the nineteenth-century woman had no conception. They dash forth on a thousand-mile errand at a moment's notice and with the last degree of nonchalance. Engaged on conservative business for social-

<sup>1</sup> "Women Professional Workers." Elizabeth Kemper Adams. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

service organizations or State and Federal bureaux, they nevertheless constitute a romantic and adventurous group who have not their match in any European country.

In justice to Miss Adams, I should admit that this romantic view of certain of our professional women is not derived from her description of their activities. Her book nowhere hints that any fun is to be got out of any profession or any other kind of job. It emphasizes the dedicated spirit throughout and harps on the word "service" until a lively undergraduate might well feel there was nothing left for her but to go and join a circus.

The element of adventure is certainly not lacking in Cornelia Stratton Parker's experiences as a working woman.<sup>1</sup> She went into a factory in the spirit of a spree. There is no sentimentalism in her relations with her fellow-workers, although a certain oversprightiness of writing sometimes weakens the general impression of sincerity.

We gather from Mrs. Parker's observations that working women are not suffering from homesickness for domesticity. They are not restlessly striving to get back into the home or to seize the tools of industry. They are adjusted to monotonous work, and indeed if they were not they would all be dead. They prefer to keep on living even if it means kicking a foot-press twenty thousand times a day. Their revolutionary speed is about equivalent to that of Mr. Warren Harding. Nine hours a day they work, which is considerably better than the thirteen to fourteen hours which Miss Edith Abbott in her book, "Women in Industry,"<sup>2</sup> tells us were the rule before 1847. In seventy-five years about five hours have been pruned away. At this rate, another fifty years may usher in the six-hour day. Perhaps the daughters of those foresighted infants who are already registered for college, may one day enter a factory quite as a matter of course and without adventurous disguise.

There is a profound truth in Miss Adams's remark that "professional work is a form of concrete behaviour," only it needs to be revised into "all work is a form of concrete behaviour." In time the educated women of America will come to realize the full significance of this fact and will understand as Charlotte Brontë did that health is largely a matter of work just as work is largely a matter of behaviour. When that salutary lesson has been fully grasped, they will avoid worklessness as they now avoid germs, finding themselves in perfect and harmonious agreement with Lenin's conception of the working class. They may one day even celebrate his memory as the great emancipator of the victims of vicarious leisure.

KATHARINE ANTHONY.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

In the life-work of a great naturalist, nothing is of little importance. Each tiny fact becomes a link in the chain—something added to a slowly evolving, painstakingly intricate structure. In the writings of Henri Fabre, perhaps more than in that of any other naturalist, this fundamental idea is carried over from the laboratory to the library and permeates every line. Fabre dignifies his material by the simplicity and the loving patience with which he seeks to give it to the world, so that one is not only charmed by what he has to reveal but captivated as well by the manner of the revelation. His books are, in consequence, a rediscovery for him of what the world of nature has already disclosed. Thus he seems not so much to be making a written record of his experiments as to be simply extending them. In "The Life of the Weevil,"<sup>3</sup> he has a comparatively prosaic subject, but he pursues it with the unflagging zest and the quick appreciation that are characteristic of him. Nor does he shrink from admitting, with a touching frankness, the penalty of advancing years. "I will leave the question unanswered," he says at one point, "for nowadays I no longer have the steady hand or the keen sight required for delicate dissection." But what Henri Fabre implies by keen sight is something infinitely more exacting than the average conception of the term.

L. B.

<sup>1</sup> "Working With the Working Woman." Cornelia Stratton Parker. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.00.

<sup>2</sup> "Women in Industry." Edith Abbott. New York: D. Appleton and Company. \$3.00.

<sup>3</sup> "The Life of the Weevil." J. Henri Fabre. Translated by A. T. de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead and Co. \$2.50.

M. HENRI LAMBERT, who, it will be remembered, made the appeal to reason during the war-madness and sought to define economic justice and social morality in a group of essays published under the general heading "Pax Economica," has lately brought out a more closely reasoned study of the democratic ideal entitled "Le Nouveau Contrat Social,"<sup>1</sup> in which he reasserts his belief in a natural social order and develops an individualist philosophy that revolves around the idea of freedom modified by responsibility. Our existing social organization, he declares, is neither capitalist nor individualist, but financial; directed by privilege and monopoly, it is always headed straight for war and revolution. Private laws must be repealed before individual capacities can have free play and develop in an orderly manner, revealing the unity of mankind as the resultant of two forces, the centrifugal force of liberty and the centripetal force of responsibility. Society will then exist for the individual, not the individual for society, and its fitting motto might be, "To each according to his services." Such a development, it is held, is natural in the sense that it fulfils an instinctive impulse. The concentration of responsibility in the hands of arbitrary rulers drives the common man to revolt, whereas local autonomy is a recognition of what seems to be a basic trait in human nature. It is for that reason that the creative mind is hostile to centralized authority. The division of labour and the carrying on of trade are natural phenomena—the course taken by men when unchecked by arbitrary restrictions. Freedom in mutual service M. Lambert regards as the true basis of law, of morality and of civilization. Indeed, we owe to trade the awakening of moral responsibility which taught men to distinguish between justice and injustice. Any form of political government which takes away individual responsibility runs counter to natural tendencies and retards orderly progress. The right to own property must be admitted in a free society which recognizes responsibility and rests on voluntary co-operation. It is such a society that M. Lambert defines as the social contract. Under its sway the State would no longer coerce its citizens and interfere in their activities; and humanity, depending on reason and guided by science, would be in a position to realize a large measure of prosperity, harmony and contentment.

F. W. G.

#### A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

MORE than one general inference might be drawn from the *New Republic's* supplement on "The Novel of Tomorrow." Following as it does the winter supplement on criticism and the recent book on American civilization, it suggests, in the first place, that American writers have begun to form the habit of exchanging ideas. Nothing could be more unfavourable to the development of individuality than the isolation in which most of our writers have lived in the immediate past. That isolation has been productive rather of eccentricity than of individuality in the proper sense; moreover, it has tended to lower the morale of the literary profession, for the individual writer, cut off from his fellow-craftsmen, is all too apt to lose the sense of the craft and to accept the values of the commercial environment in which he finds himself. The symposium is perhaps the best substitute we can have for the café-life that has been such a stimulus to literature in other countries, if only because it neutralizes the geographical difficulties of a nation that is almost a continent; and the fact that it has become so prevalent seems to indicate that the old sectional and regional differences are rapidly dying out. Whether this is a good or a bad thing for literature remains to be seen; but the *New Republic's* supplement sufficiently proves that for the American novelist the local colour, the local idiom, the local patriotism of a generation ago have ceased to exist.

A THIRD inference to be drawn from this discussion is that the novel in America is to-day a matter of somewhat lively concern. "Since the war," says Mr. Robert Herrick, "the novel, at least the more vivid interest in its possibilities, has come to this side of the Atlantic. For although experimentation still goes on in England, more especially among the younger women novelists, the triumph of arresting accomplishment seems for the moment quite departed." On the other hand, in this country, Mr. Herrick continues, "one feels the anticipatory bustle of the

<sup>1</sup> "Le Nouveau Contrat Social." Henri Lambert. Brussels: Maurice Lamertin. Paris: Felix Alcan.

approaching accouchement rather than the happy certainty of an actual delivery." It is for the signs it affords of this anticipatory bustle that the *New Republic's* symposium is so interesting. Are certain of the contributors more convincing in their professions of faith than in the novels they have actually written? It is something, at least, to be able to profess a faith: one doubts whether so many American novelists could have spoken with such sincerity twenty years ago. Nor have they taken anything for granted: they do not assume, as the poets so recently did, that their work constitutes a renaissance, and that all the omens are on their side. Mr. Herrick remarks that something depends, for the success of the American novel, upon "the spiritual depth of the soil to be worked." Mrs. Austin dwells on the "disconcertingly spaced and frequently sleazy background of American society" and upon the fact that a "characteristic art-form is seldom perfected until the culture of which it is an expression comes to rest." Mr. Hergesheimer says that "in the United States, the western world of the present, the profession of a novelist simply does not exist," adding that "literature as an art, as a service of beauty, has little or no place in the modern state of society," and that "it is just possible that it will never be of importance again." When such is their mood—and they are all sufficiently realistic about their situation—it can not be said that these novelists make any extravagant claims for the future.

OF their own comparative merits, meanwhile, or rather of the comparative merits of their positions, it is difficult, from these papers, to form a clear conception. Some of them discuss chiefly the function of the novel, others its scope; some are concerned with method, others again deal with the historical or sociological aspects of the subject. In almost every case, however, one is able to divine the writer's main preoccupations, as much from what he omits as from what he says. Take, for instance, the two or three old-line, popular novelists, as one might call them, who have strayed into this debate: their attitudes are all, in one way or another, essentially of the moral order. They are especially interested, that is to say, in questions of rights and duties. What is the point of Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams's amusing note on "Apollyon vs. Pollyanna" if it is not that the novelist ought to defy the League for the Promotion of Prudery? Mr. Henry Kitchell Webster's article fairly bristles with *oughts* and *musts*. If the novelist "writes up to a superior reader or down to an inferior reader," says Mr. Webster, "he is equally a snob and the truth is not in him"; he "should not flinch from giving himself away"; he "should not overrate the importance of ideas"; he "should not despise his characters"; he "should try to make every word and act of his characters concretely true." Again, Mr. William Allen White insists that every one is entitled to express himself and that it is "democratically unfair" to stick up one's nose at him if one does not happen to like what he does. In this jungle of categorical imperatives there is no room for art at all; for what matters in art is not the "right" and the "ought" but the will and the desire. It might be added that a deep cynicism underlies Mr. White's plea for a tolerance that precludes any consideration of æsthetic values and standards. "It is all vanity of vanities and vexation of spirit," says Mr. White, "this price-making for posterity, this attempt to say what is good and what bad with the miserable rules and standards which we are setting up to-day. The novel is for the day, as the newspaper or the skyscraper or the park-monument is. It finds its market in spite of our rules of art." One remembers Mr. Meredith Nicholson's recent remark that to the generations to come the banjo will probably seem as noble an instrument as the lute and that as one grows in years (and presumably in wisdom) "culture" comes to seem less and less important anyway. "Let Main Street alone!" Counsels of imperfection like these express nothing but a weary disbelief in the possibility of excellence.

OF the new novelists we can say at least that their attitudes are more interesting, more exhilarating than those of

the old. Almost every one of them is able to make out a good case for himself; and if, in spite of their theories, some of them are actually and simply popular entertainers, they seem destined at all events to raise the level and widen the sphere of popular entertainment. For the moment we are concerned with their theories alone, and the essays before us justify Mr. Herrick's remark that there is a vivid interest in this country in the possibilities of the novel. They reveal, for one thing, a general curiosity, a general regard for experimentation; their authors seem to agree, moreover, that the form of the novel should be flexible, and only two of them, Miss Cather and Mr. Hergesheimer, attempt to limit its scope. "And—but perhaps it is only my conviction," says Mr. Hergesheimer, "fine novels can be constructed from one of two sources: either they present the heroic or cowardly individual opposed to hopeless odds and death; or they have to do with that which was beautiful and is lost. There is, I feel, nothing else worth an inattentive curse." In Miss Cather's opinion, the scene should be cleared for "the play of emotions, great or little"—which leaves no room for "furniture" or "physical sensations." Illuminating as these observations are in two cases, it is only when we turn to their definitions, expressed or implied, of the function of the novel, that we see the rest of our authors individually.

MR. DREISER begins by saying: "The function of all fiction I choose to ignore as a useless bone of contention." Before he concludes, however, he remarks, apropos of a list of novels that he admires: "Each suggests in its way, though the first may require but minutes and the others days to read, that unescapable and yet somehow pitiable finiteness in the midst of infinity which, think as we will, contrives to touch and move the understanding." To Mr. Hergesheimer, who is not of a philosophical turn of mind, the function of the novelist is simply to create beauty; and strangely enough, Miss Zona Gale professes the same faith, albeit with a strain of mysticism. Mr. Cabell's idea is diversion: "It is the sole aim of the novelist," he says, "alike in art and commerce, to divert us from unprofitable and rational worrying, to head yet one more desperate sally from that ordered living and the selves of which we are tired." Then there is Mr. Floyd Dell, for whom the purpose of the novel is to afford us "an emotionally intelligible interpretation of the world." And finally, to pass over two or three papers that offer no definite clew to their author's faith, there is Mr. Waldo Frank. Mr. Frank's essay is rather a spirited attack on the confusing of ends with means in the theory of art in general than a definition of the ends of fiction; but when he speaks of the essential nature of the novel as a "contribution to life" and of the value of imaginative literature as "nourishment to life," we perceive that we have entered still another universe of discourse.

PROGRAMMES are notoriously deceptive, and it is one thing to possess an attitude and quite another to embody it in works of art; but without an attitude, a coherent faith, one can not create works of art, and it is impossible to read this collection of essays without feeling that there has been of late, in the world of American fiction, a marked advance in point of curiosity, conviction, seriousness. And if, as Randolph Bourne said, "the impulse for discussion is an impulse towards the only environment where creative thinking can be done," then such a symposium as this may be regarded as a really important event. Discussions in print will never take the place of talk, but at least they serve some purpose in a country that is not absolutely centralized. They prepare the way for a general understanding in regard to values and standards.

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"The Economic Basis of Politics," by Charles A. Beard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50.

"Peter Whiffle: His Life and Works," by Carl Van Vechten. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

THE dramatic, the spectacular, the unusual, the moment of suspense—these can always be depended upon to attract and hold a certain public. A precipice, a high peak, a volcano, a stormy sea, evoke awe and admiration. In the world of art, startling dissonances, daring experiments in form and colour, adventures into alien metres, arrest attention.

Practised in the trick of gaining a quick response of the senses, many people choose the easiest way in the exercise of their chosen vocation. They recognize, too late, that the reaction to a superficial appeal results in a demand for constant repetition at accelerated *tempo* with a correspondingly increasing noise. In the end they learn that the royal road to anything doesn't pay.

Dramatic moments are great because they represent culminations; mountain peaks are noble because there are valleys; the storm is majestic because there are periods of calm. In the arts, as in nature, dissonances gain their effect from contrasting harmonies.

A sustained level of everyday life is more difficult of achievement than occasional heroisms or adventurous acts in an otherwise careless existence. So, in a newspaper, there is the constant temptation to do something that will make people gasp. An interview with the Grand Lama or a spectacular "beat" that will be hailed as great enterprise, is the goal of many editors. Finally, however, the last Grand Lama of the last Tibet will have been interviewed: what then?

The FREEMAN is not superior to the allurements of the unusual, and it will present, as it has done before, unconventional and unexpected expressions of life and thought, but the warp and woof of its being, the fabric of mutual understanding in which paper and readers are interwoven, depends upon a sane and balanced rhythm. High colour, excitement, dissonance, appear in the FREEMAN as they do in life—as incidents. Perhaps this attitude explains, better than anything else why the chart that represents this paper's 110 weeks of life shows a steadily ascending line. The readers who began with us have remained; those who come to us week by week, remain also. Of course, there are transients, there are tasters and curiosity-seekers. Some of these abandon us for fresh woods and pastures new; but it is of interest to know that some of them come back.

If you are one of those who feel that what you pay for the FREEMAN is but a nominal thing and that you owe us something that can not be described in terms of an unstable currency, you can discharge that debt by sending us the names of persons who might be glad to read a sample copy of the FREEMAN; by telling us of the newsdealers who ought to, but do not, carry the FREEMAN; by urging your public library to subscribe for the benefit of the many who could thus read the paper.

*Will you do one of those things to-day?*

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